

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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ONE MORE STEP TO THE GREAT PEACE

TWO NATIONS BURY THE HATCHET

Italy and Austria Forget the
Past and Look To the Future

IMMENSE POSSIBILITIES

A remarkable Peace Pact has been signed by Italy and Austria.

It has nothing to do with frontiers or armaments. It is simply an agreement to promote Mutual Cultural Relations.

A fine and practical thing it is. Each nation is to help the other to study its language, literature, archives, drama, films, music, paintings, sculpture, radio, every form of its art.

Also each undertakes to spend public money to help the other to understand and appreciate the culture which inspires it. At Rome and at Vienna fine buildings are being designed to form the two headquarters of the movement.

Reducing Postage

The State schools and universities are to help freely. In secondary schools and colleges the teaching of each other's language is to be compulsory.

The Post Offices are to reduce postage on newspapers, journals, magazines, and books. We may imagine how this will help editors and writers to remember that many friendly foreign eyes will read what they write or publish.

Actors and singers are to be exchanged. Mozart is to be sung in Italy by Viennese performers, and Mascagni's new opera *Nero* will soon be produced at Vienna with an Italian caste.

Each nation is to place its archives at the disposal of the other to help historians. Book fairs and art exhibitions are to be promoted to make each acquainted with the other's latest literature, pictures, and so on.

In addition to housing the enterprise Italy and Austria have agreed not to levy taxes or rates on the special cultural buildings.

The agreement has had a great reception in the Italian and Austrian press, and a German newspaper has pointed out that by this pact the relations of the two nations are lifted to a higher plane.

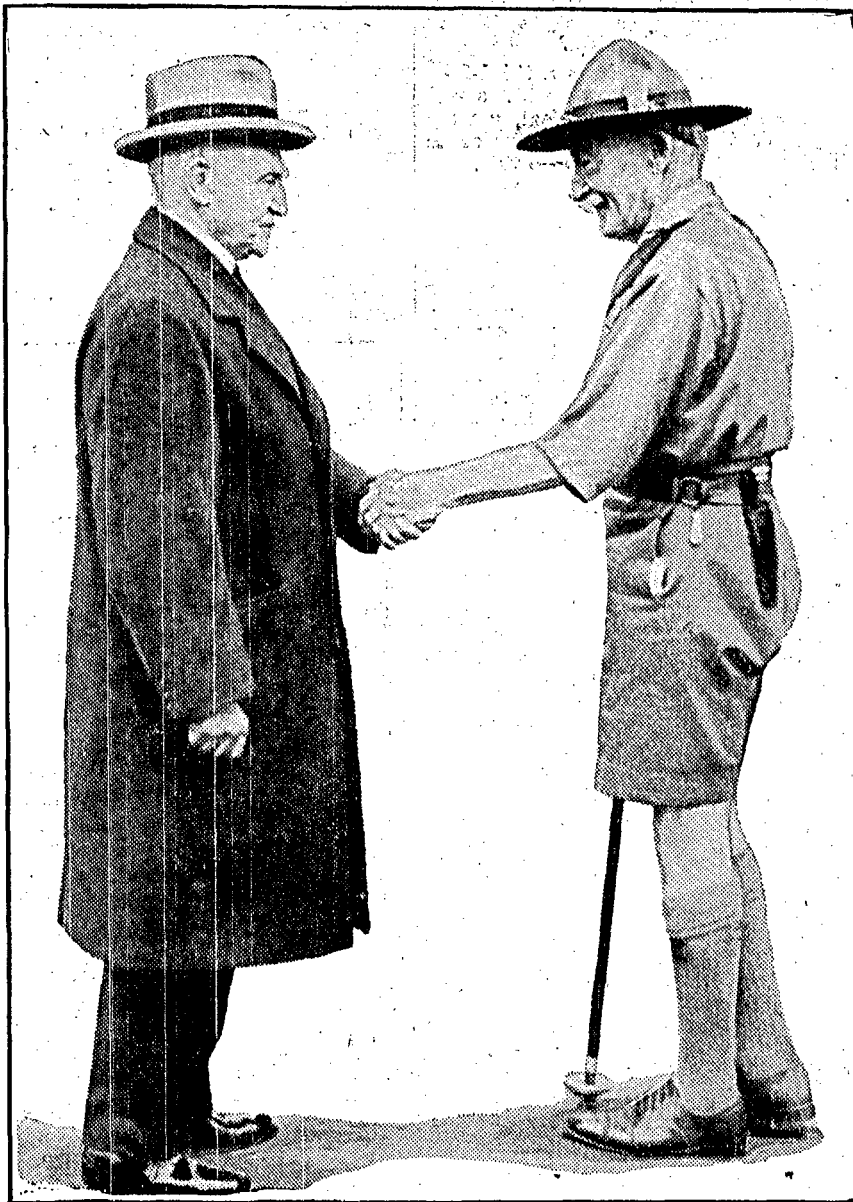
Genius is Precious

If Italy and Austria, who have been at death-grips for two generations, can thus shake hands and appreciate each other's qualities, what may we not hope for the world?

Unfortunately, in too many places commercial considerations are curbing cultural relations. The B.B.C. is often howled at if it introduces a fine foreign artiste to our millions of listeners. There should be no boundaries to the domains of the human spirit.

Genius is precious wherever it is found. National characteristics are the salt of the life of the world.

Two Chief Scouts Meet



This picture, which was taken during the great Melbourne Jamboree, shows the Chief Scout of the World, Lord Baden-Powell, greeting Sir Isaac Alfred Isaacs, Governor-General of the Commonwealth since 1931, who is also the Chief Scout of Australia.

DOUBTING THOMAS SEES IT THROUGH An Adventure at the Customs

AN exciting thing happened the other day to a Customs official at the city boundary of Budapest.

All goods carried in and out of the city have to pay a small toll, and many people try to avoid it. No wonder the official was suspicious when a plain van tried to pass the boundary without paying toll.

The driver said he had been sent by the disinfection institute to fetch all the dresses and linen of a typhoid patient from her home.

Now everyone who has read the adventures of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* will remember how he once prevented officials from searching the cart where fugitives lay hidden by pretending that they had a dangerous and infectious disease. In this case, however, the Budapest official was not so easily fright-

ened as the French sansculotte. He said he would search the van.

The driver got very agitated.

"You will get typhoid. There will be an epidemic! No one must touch those things!" he cried.

But the Customs Officer said:

"I am not taken in by your story."

He opened the door of the van and climbed in.

Bang! The door slammed. Click! went the lock. Then off went the car.

The poor Customs Officer now had good cause to be frightened. He had evidently fallen into the hands of a gang of smugglers!

Before long the car stopped. Then the door was opened, he was dragged out and—thoroughly disinfected!

The driver's story was true. Both men had merely done their duty.

The Poor Woman and the Field of Gold

We have told the story before, but it is worth while telling it again, for it is a fairy tale come true.

There lives at Sénarpont, about 30 miles west of Amiens, a chairmaker called Dion who has been out of work for some time. He has a wife and four children.

There came a day when the poor man had to see his wife set out to look for work. She was luckier than he, because women were wanted at a flour factory.

As she was walking through the fields she saw some splintered wood embedded in the ground. This was on Sunday.

While she was working at the flour mill she heard people talking of the air liner which had lost eight gold ingots as it crossed from Paris to London in a storm.

Hopes and Doubts

There was a hole in the plane, and it was believed that the weight of the ingots, tossed in the gale, had torn the hole. Somewhere in France or in the Channel lay wooden cases holding £23,000 worth of gold. A reward of over £2000 had been offered for their recovery, and Sénarpont was on the route.

As she listened, hopes and doubts flashed through Madame Dion's mind. Supposing those bits of wood were the cases which held the ingots! That seemed too good to be true. Perhaps someone else had found them by now.

Yes! There lay the wood, stuck into the frozen ground so hard that Madame Dion could not tell what was within the splintered cases. She was afraid to go to the gendarmerie lest the wood should prove to have nothing to do with the ingots and she should be made a laughing-stock. So she fetched her husband, who felt sure that she was on the track of the gold.

Meanwhile the newspapers were reporting *No News of Missing Gold*.

History Repeating Legend

The gendarmes lost no time in following the Dions to the field of gold, as it was instantly called, and two ingots were found on Tuesday evening. Then darkness came, and a guard was set. The other six ingots were dug up soon after noon on Wednesday.

Everyone was delighted to think that the gold finder was a poor woman to whom the reward will bring a real fortune.

So history repeats legend. Italians tell how Saint Nicholas was walking through the streets one night when he heard weeping which made him play the eavesdropper. A father and his daughters were lamenting their dire poverty. Saint Nicholas softly put three bars of gold through their window on to the sill, and stole away unseen. That was the origin of Father Christmas.

Once again gold bars have turned poverty into good fortune, with almost a touch of fairy tale in the doing.

THE LIBERTY BONDS

WHY AMERICA HAS BEEN EXCITED ABOUT THEM

What Lies Behind the Great Case in the Courts

GOLD AS MASTER OR SERVANT?

The excitement in America over the value of the Liberty Bonds has been almost equal to the excitement previously when the bonds were issued to enable America to come into the war.

The most important court in the world has been trying a case which may be said to concern every man and woman in the States, and to decide whether gold is to be man's master or his servant.

Gold or Paper?

The trial has taken place before the nine judges of the Supreme Court of America, and the immediate point at issue was whether the Treasury was to repay the Liberty Bonds in gold or in paper. It seems a simple question, but indeed it was full of dramatic possibility, for the question has gone right down to the bedrock of the American Constitution established in 1789. The Federal judicial system was then set up for the express purpose of enforcing that Constitution on the individual States and on the Federal Parliament, with the President and his Ministers.

The Supreme Court of U.S.A. may cancel any law passed by Congress if it alters or transgresses anything in the Constitution.

The Facts

These are the facts. When in 1933 President Roosevelt decided to abandon the Gold Standard, Congress passed two Acts. One was the Gold Clause Act, which cancelled all contracts requiring payment in gold, because such stipulations, it declared, were in conflict with the public interest. The second was the Inflation Act, which authorised the depreciation of the gold value of the dollar up to one-half.

There has ever since been a group in America demanding a return to a complete or a modified gold standard, and certain holders of State bonds decided to test the Gold Clause Act in the Court. On the Liberty Bonds issued by the State is a statement that they will be repaid when due in gold coin equal in quality to that current at the time of issue. A 1000-dollar bond was therefore bought for 1000 gold dollars, or about 48 ounces of gold.

The plaintiff at the trial pointed out that under the new Act he could now only receive about 28 ounces of gold, whereas if he were to receive his due in paper dollars he should receive from the Treasury 1690 dollars instead of 1000.

A Colossal Sum

As America has at least 100,000 million dollars worth of bonds bearing the gold clause, anyone can see what a colossal sum is affected, and how the value of all securities not bearing the gold clause would be relatively diminished by the plaintiff's success. It has been estimated that the Federal Debt would increase in that case by £3,400,000,000, and other debts by even larger sums.

Another awkward factor in the situation is that gold today can buy a much larger quantity of goods than when the Liberty Bonds were issued. It is probable that the 60 cents of gold which the paper dollar is now worth would buy more than the gold dollar ten years ago. That is an extra complication in this complicated case, which involves a sum of money equal to far more than all the existing gold in the world, and involves, also, the position of President Roosevelt. That is why it has aroused such excitement.

Gold indeed has proved a very fickle servant of man in recent years, and it surely is time that man realised the fact and put it in its place.

THE PEACE WAY

Europe and the Air Pact

The news of the welcome given to the Air Pact proposal is increasingly hopeful.

Italy and Germany are both ready to discuss the idea as a basis for negotiating a general peace, and the outlook for Europe is better as we write than it has been for many years. At home the Peace Ballot is proving a great success, supporting the positive peace policy of the Government; and abroad the feeling of peace is being more openly expressed than ever.

WALKING OUT OF A THIRD-FLOOR WINDOW

Remarkable Stories of the Great Snow

To step out safely from a third-floor window and walk away with sound limbs seems an impossible feat, yet the monks of the St Bernard Hospice in the Alps have been able to do this.

The snow all over the mountain area of Central Europe has been so deep that events have occurred which are extraordinary even for that district of surprises. Snow actually reached almost to the roofs of the world-famous hospice.

After the great snowstorms came a warm wind which thawed the snow sufficiently to set it on the move in great masses. Railways were blocked and avalanches swept down the slopes of mountain and hill, tearing up by the roots entire forests and breaking down bridges across streams in the valleys.

LATE NEWS

Last Arrival in the Great Race

Mr Parer and Mr Hemsworth, who set out in the air race from Mildenhall to Melbourne on October 20, 1934, will be remembered when more speedy competitors are forgotten.

They landed at Port Darwin on February 8, 1935, after a flight of three months and 19 days, and confidently expected to reach Melbourne before the celebrations were over.

Their success recalls the brave old days of sailing ships, when such a voyage would have been a record. It is still a triumph for perseverance in face of all delays. Mr Parer was one of the earlier fliers to Australia, and at a previous attempt made the journey in eight months. This steady improvement should spur him on.

A MINER'S SURPRISE

Adventure of a Butterfly

Some miners working in Frickley Colliery in Yorkshire have had a surprise to relieve the day's monotony.

Dancing in the lantern light a mile from the pit shaft and 600 feet below the surface they were amazed to see a gaily coloured butterfly. It seemed a miracle to find this creature of sunshine and summer weather in the depths of the earth in midwinter.

In air thick with grimy dust it fluttered about between the dark masses of coal as happily as if it had been in a garden of roses in June.

A miner caught the butterfly and released it on reaching the surface. It is believed that it was taken below with straw for the pit ponies.

THAT CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD

The death of Rupert Brooke was one of literature's losses in the war.

The value of a poet cannot be measured in pounds sterling; it is one of the intangibles, and war condemns itself when it takes away such a life.

Now the Greek Government has undertaken the upkeep of the tomb of Rupert Brooke on the island of Skyros, and we gratefully record their action in looking after this corner of a foreign field that is for ever England.

THE EDITOR'S TELEPHONE RINGS

GOODBYE TO AN OLD FRIEND

The Man Who Gave Us the Last Picture of Scott

MR HERBERT PONTING

We remember that in the early days of the C.N. an old man who had made himself famous begged us to send him a proof of something we had written lest he should die before he could read it; and now there has come to us a telephone message from a deathbed, thanking us for something that had been said of another famous man.

They say the words of dying men Enforce attention like deep harmony.

He was Mr Herbert Ponting, the photographer who went to the Antarctic with Captain Scott. He was one of the best photographers anywhere, and he gave the best years of his life to developing to the utmost the possibilities of his photographs (moving ones and still ones) of Scott's last expedition. It is in the Ponting Film that we see the last

The Safeway

The Car takes the Highway
The Walker takes the Pathway
We cross by the Safeway

of Captain Scott and his gallant comrades, and there is nothing more stirring than an Englishman can see.

He took these pictures, he lectured with them all over the country, and he must have put the love of adventure and the spirit of courage into the hearts of a great multitude of boys. He had had great adventures himself, for he went out to California as a young man, seeking gold, and he was a war correspondent with the Japanese in Manchuria long ago.

The other day our telephone rang and Mr Ponting's voice came through. He was thanking us for something we had said of the splendid photographs of his in the photographic exhibition which had just been held by the Royal Photographic Society, and of which we said that it should be taken round the country. He would like to come and talk it over with us, he said, but he was ill in bed; his heart was letting him down. It had been a good heart, we told him, and we hoped it would keep going a long time. He was afraid it would not; and for his consolation we spoke of the splendid work it had enabled him to do, of the way he had stirred the love of great deeds and been a high example to boys, and of the fine pictures which would be the possession of England for all time.

His Work Lives After Him

Then he spoke gratefully of things we had said and of things we had done, and at last, after laughing a little together and remembering things together, we bade one another be of good cheer and said Goodbye, one of us to carry on his work and in a few hours to turn on his wireless for the news, and to hear that Mr Ponting's heart was beating no more.

His work lives after him, and if there is any inspiration in the cinema world it will be seen again and again for the uplift of our young manhood. Mr Ponting gave us the best pictures of the best boy's story of our time and they should not lie unseen, but should be spreading more and more the spirit of England in those who grow up to rule her in the great days coming on.

Mr J. Rickard of Wingrave, Bucks, has sung in the parish church choir for 62 years.

£80,000 is to be spent on sea defences for Romney Marsh.

A BAD START

New Board and the Unemployed

A GREAT MISTAKE RECTIFIED

There has been a storm of opposition in Parliament to the new regulations of the Unemployment Assistance Board, set up last year to care for all the able-bodied unemployed who have exhausted their weekly benefit payments for which they subscribed or are not insured.

The Board was set up to improve the condition of such people, but as soon as it got to work grave complaints arose. South Wales asserted that the new regulations took tens of thousands of people off benefits, and similar complaints came from all over the country.

A debate in Parliament showed that there was substance in many of the complaints, and the Government at once decided to investigate the matter thoroughly, to restore the old allowances, and to make this retrospective as from the first cut.

There is no doubt that the new Board's scales must be thoroughly revised. No one believes that either the Chairman of the Board or the Minister for Labour wilfully made the cuts. On the other hand, it is painful that such errors should have been made.

The public naturally concluded that the officers had carefully drawn up scales based on the examination of representative cases. A thousand actual samples taken would have prevented such errors. Too often, it seems, those responsible for government remove themselves from contact with life.

The Board was designed to give honourable public assistance to the needy. Alas, that so bad a start was made!

THE STRICKEN ISLAND

Famine Follows Malaria in Ceylon

Perhaps the severest epidemic of malaria Ceylon has ever known has been raging through the island, mostly in the central and western districts.

A correspondent tells us that as he wrote 500,000 people were on the sick list, about one in every ten of the entire population. Whole families, usually poor villagers, have suffered with no one to look after them. Ordinarily strong grown-ups stand a good chance of recovering, but the disease has already carried off so many little children that it is said some schools will have no more pupils for five years.

One of the most tragic things about this sad story is that malaria is today a preventable disease. Swamps can be drained and wells protected so that the mosquitoes do not breed, but it seems that the epidemic had taken a strong hold before anything was done to combat it. Thousands of lives have been lost which could have been saved.

The news as we write is that the fury of the malaria is dying down, but that the crops are failing, and famine now threatens the weakened people of this stricken island.

THINGS SAID

Life is fun. Captain Adrian Jones at 90

He who habitually looks at that which is low, base, impure, will in time become like what he looks at.

A Minister on the Films

Who is going to drink all the milk our farmers produce if there are no babies? Signor Mussolini's paper

Why is that plinth in Trafalgar Square allowed to remain empty?

Mr Alfred Stalman

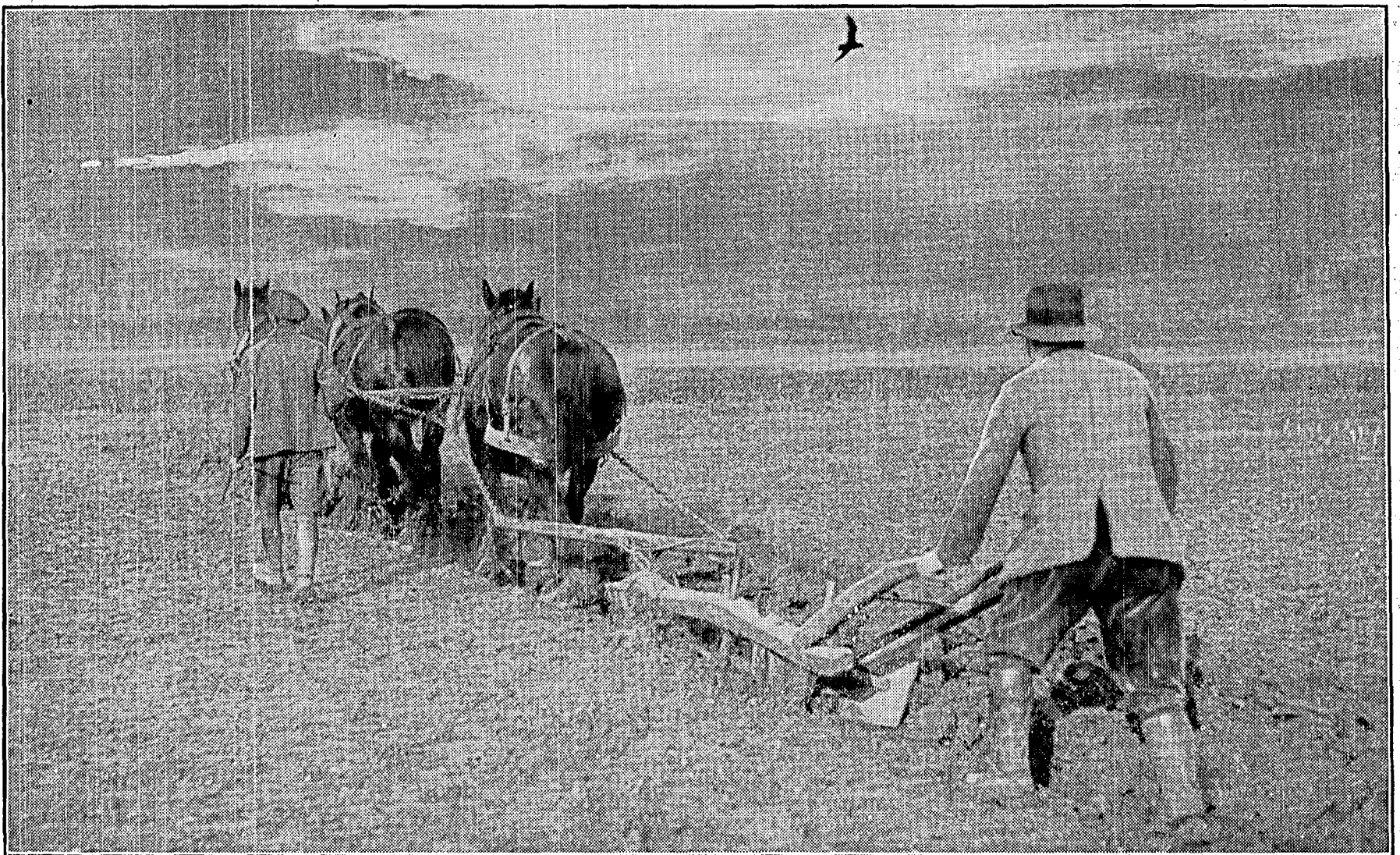
It is not difficult to work hard when it is one's business, one's hobby, and one's chief pleasure and interest all combined.

Mr John Gielgud

MAN'S OLDEST FRIEND STILL AT WORK IN THE COUNTRYSIDE



Lumbering in the Chilterns—A fine team hauling a log near Tring in Hertfordshire



Ploughing in the Chilterns—On a farm near Princes Risborough three horses draw an old wooden plough, one of the last of such primitive implements still in use

HE DID GREAT THINGS FOR CHINA

A BOY OF 100 YEARS AGO

Sir Robert Hart's Devotion To Chinese Interests

A FRIEND AT COURT

The affairs of China are still largely in chaos; so they were a hundred years ago.

This is the story of a man who thought he could put some of them straight; it is his centenary year.

Many years of revolution and chaos have not been able to destroy the life-work of Sir Robert Hart, who was born near Belfast in February 1835 and gave his life to China.

He received at college in Belfast a nomination to the consular service, and so found himself in China at an age when many boys are just leaving school.

For five years he moved about between Hong Kong and Shanghai, surviving hairbreadth escapes from pirates and other dangers fascinating to read about but not so to meet in actual life.

Wise Advice

Sir John Bowring, his first chief, gave him this wise advice: "Study everything around you. Go out and read the shop signs. Listen to the talk of the people. You will learn something new every time you leave your door."

In 1859, when Hart was only 24, the offer was made to him to organise the Imperial Maritime Customs, so he got leave to resign from the British Service.

The result was a wonderful flow of revenue into the Imperial Treasury, arising from increase of trade and the stopping of leakage into the pockets of the many officials by the way.

Success brought recognition from European Governments, and China gave Hart the coveted Red Button, the Peacock's Feather, and the honour of the Double Dragon. He objected very much to wearing all these decorations, saying that they made him look like a Christmas tree.

War Prevented

Booming trade led to a system of lighthouses on the coast, which he organised, and then the Chinese Imperial Post Office came to consume his all-devouring energy.

However, far more important than his work at the Customs, or the lighthouses, or the Post Office, was the fact that his success, combined with his marvellous tact, gained for him the confidence of the Imperial Court, where the all-powerful figure was the Dowager Empress. Many times it was Hart who prevented war by smoothing things down. He was more than an official; he became a trusted friend.

Through all his life he never sacrificed Chinese interests. When our Government offered him the post of Minister Plenipotentiary he asked the opinion of the Empress, and was told that "Her Majesty would much prefer that you stayed with us." So he stuck to the ship, although he saw stormy seas ahead.

A Holiday

In the Boxer riots of 1900 his house was looted and burned to the ground, he being shut up in the Legation with all other foreigners in Peking. The Customs Office still tried to carry on, and when the office came to a difficulty they threw paper notes over the wall into the Legation asking the advice of the chief whom they could not rescue.

When the last shot had been fired he reopened an office in a temporary shanty; and when it was suggested that he should take a holiday he said, "I have had my holiday already; eight weeks of doing nothing. What more could a man expect?"

In the end he came home and lived on till 1911, but his work lives after him in China, and is one of the few solid achievements of government in that distracted country.

NEGRO LITTLE Hero of the Floods

A Negro was the great hero of the recent disastrous floods in the Mississippi Valley.

Thousands of people homeless, without food and with insufficient clothing, have been almost starved or frozen with the intense cold; black men and white have huddled together for warmth and life, and rescuers have worked day and night. A number of people have been drowned; often they had succeeded in reaching a tree or some other object rising above the flood waters only to become too cold to hold on. But many lives were saved by a Negro named Little.

He swam again and again to rescue those carried away by the waters, until he had brought too people to land. In the end his clothes were frozen on to him, and he suffered terribly from the effects of his self-sacrifice. That one man should so save too lives is a wonderful achievement.

"A Negro saved one of our family, so we will have no feud between black and white," many a man and woman in Missouri has cause to say; and surely the gratitude due to Mr Little will have its share in bringing about kindlier feelings between many Negroes and Americans.

THE MAN UNAFRAID A Policeman and a Merchant

A telegram from Poona tells of a British police inspector, F. W. O'Gorman, going to arrest a Sikh merchant.

The man withstood a siege of five hours, threatening to shoot any of the police who should approach.

Finally Inspector O'Gorman persuaded a Sikh priest to go with him while he himself held up his hands to show that he was unarmed, and that all he wanted was to see justice done.

The merchant was so impressed that he asked the priest and the police officer into his room and allowed himself to be arrested.

We are repeatedly being faced with illustrations of the strength of moral force as compared with actual physical compulsion; here is another.

AUSTRALIA AND JAPAN Bargaining For Wool

The necessities of trade are bringing Australia and Japan into more and more friendly relations.

Australia produces far more wool than we can buy and Japan wants to buy it. Also Japan desires to sell to Australia a long list of manufactures in competition with ours.

A Japanese delegation is now at Canberra negotiating a trade agreement between Australia and Japan. The Japanese exports mentioned are fancy goods, toys, enamelware, paints, cottons, and other textiles, rubber, and metal goods.

Japan cannot exist without importing raw materials or without selling manufactures to pay for them. That is the basic fact of the situation.

THE WOMEN'S CHANCE

The Registrar-General, in his report for 1933, gives the number of voters in England and Wales for that year.

The return is: Females 14,137,186; Males, 12,578,340. As the female majority continues to increase, the figures of the present year will reveal an even bigger disparity.

We see that women electors, if they cared to do so, could return a Parliament wholly composed of women.

Two hundred and forty-nine Beacons have been broken or stolen in Hampstead.

A miner at Doncaster has been fined 10s for throwing paper in the street.

THE BROKEN MOSAIC Fragments of Old Rome

All the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Humpty Dumpty together again.

But a better fate is in store for the large Roman mosaic which was broken while it was being moved during alterations at the British Museum. All the fragments which fell out can be put together again accurately by the help of photographs of the half-circular mosaic with coloured pictures of frisky-looking animals so familiar to visitors to the museum.

"In all the years I have worked here I have never known a breakage before!" said one of the officials as he looked ruefully at the mosaic lying on the front steps of the British Museum. Fortunately only the top of it was smashed.

Many visitors who saw the accident must have had the mighty civilisation of Rome brought suddenly near to them as they saw the scattered fragments and realised the centuries of history which have passed since the hand of the artist cemented them together.

HEALTHY, WEIGHTY, AND WISE

One of the steps which the L.C.C. is to take for the good of the school-children will be to weigh them.

Twice a year they are to be put on the scales to find whether they are keeping up their poundage by proper nourishment. If they are under weight the children will receive special attention. Proper feeding, like charity, should begin at home, but the L.C.C. means to see that it does not end there. In Greater London four new institutions are to be set up charged with the duty of examining the quantity and material of food that a child must have.

In the three-year plan, besides provision for extra nutriment, there are to be new clinics for child rheumatism and treatment for stammerers, and the medical services now provided are to be extended to the continuation schools.

Australian schoolgirls are also being regularly weighed and kept under observation by the Education Department of South Australia. After three months of close watching it has been found that girls studying for leaving and other examinations lost about two pounds, while those not undergoing excessive study lost about half a pound.

All the same, the figures for twelve months showed that all the girls under observation had increased in weight.

THE HORSE SURVIVES

Horse traffic dies slowly, and the day seems distant when the horse will be a museum exhibit.

In 1933, when a traffic census was taken in London, 16,600 horse vehicles were counted at the ten busiest points on the one day, between 8 and 8. In 1929 the count gave 29,000.

It seems that the horse is still more economical than the motor for some purposes. The railway companies maintain great stables and, between them, thousands of horses.

THE TRAVELLING MOUSE

Travel broadens the mind, we know, but we did not know that small animals believed it as well as swallows and salmon.

A motorist of Hinckley in Leicestershire was removing a casing from round the sparking plugs of his car when he discovered a mouse's nest. The car had been used every day, so that Mrs Mouse could have had no illusions about the stability of the site she had chosen.

Unhappily, the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley.

The postage on this week's C.N. will be a penny if the album is included. Without the album it is a halfpenny.

MORE HEROES EVERY YEAR

A FEW OF THEM FROM FRANCE

The Germans Who Came To the Rescue at a French Well

BOY WHO LEAPED FROM A TRAIN

From Our Paris Correspondent

The golden list of heroes grows longer every day.

The Carnegie Foundation for France tells us that every year sees more and more cases of courage registered, almost 600 in the last 12 months. The following courageous deeds are taken from the list.

Two children were playing by the river at Saint Jacques in Brittany. One, a little girl, rolled into the water. Her brother, Jean Le Couze, was only nine, but he could swim. In spite of the current he dashed into the water and saved his sister's life.

A Very Happy Pair

Léonie Charras was 11. To help her parents, she looked after a farmer's cattle during the summer holidays. While she was doing this she came upon an old invalid abandoned by everybody, and decided to take charge of her. The little girl succeeded in gathering enough fuel for winter fires, in collecting enough wool to knit her new clothes, and in providing her with daily food. We are told that the old woman is entirely dependent on Léonie, and that they are a very happy pair.

A mining company in the east of France was having new wells made. A gang of 24 men who were sinking one of the wells had reached a depth of 900 feet when a great rush of water burst in. The men immediately started the safety pumps, but this was insufficient, and the head engineer sent orders for them to come up quickly, using both the safety ladder and the basket which acted as a lift. Four men were sent to a platform halfway down the well to direct the flow of the water.

An International Affair

One of these four, a young fellow named Schmitt, noticed that the light at the bottom of the well had gone out and that the ascending basket was empty. He calculated that several more workers must still remain at the bottom and saw that something had gone wrong. So he stopped the basket as it reached him, jumped in with a lamp, and directed it back again. At the bottom he found a pathetic group of three exhausted men who had given up hope of escape, and he succeeded in bringing them safely up.

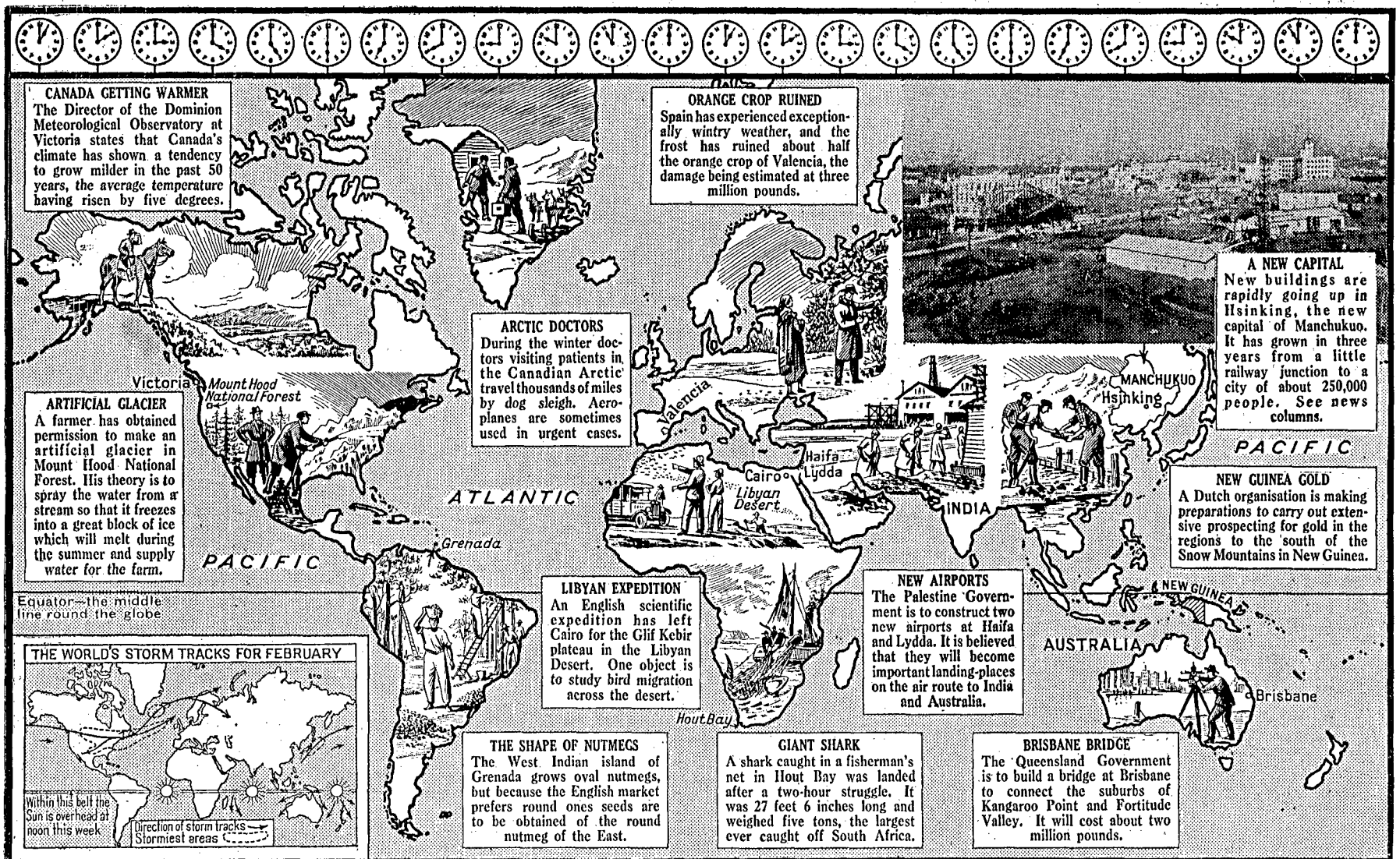
Herr Schmitt is a German rewarded in France by an American foundation!

The Runaway Trucks

In a concrete yard at Hasselmühle a workman of 17 named Kraemer was on a train speeding along when he caught sight of trucks which had broken their chains. Heavily loaded with concrete, they were running rapidly toward some scaffolding. Kraemer knew that this scaffolding stood over an excavation, at the bottom of which 50 men were digging. The pointsman was not there to direct the trucks on to a siding, and their weight colliding with the scaffolding must cause it to collapse and crush the workers below.

Kraemer jumped from his train, rushed to the points, and succeeded in switching the trucks on to another line. He was only just in time, and unfortunately one of the trucks caught him in the head, so that a serious wound kept him in bed for a long time, but he had saved 50 lives.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A BLACKFELLOW'S PLEA FOR HIS BROTHERS

Ten Men Call on a Minister

For the first time in history a deputation of full-blooded Australian Aborigines has waited upon an Australian Minister.

It consisted of ten men. We are not told the name of the spokesman, but he proved to be eloquent, and we let him tell his own story:

We have been driven farther and farther into the barren wastes, where it is impossible to live much longer.

We respectfully remind our Governments of the strict injunction given when the whites came to our land, that the Aborigines and their descendants should be cared for. Believing that the British Empire stands for justice, order, and freedom, we pledge ourselves as Commonwealth citizens to maintain the heritage handed down to us by the Creator.

Our children are growing up as heathens without opportunities for moral, social, or intellectual uplift. I hope this day will be the dawn of a new day for my brothers.

In reply the Minister, Mr Patterson, was moved to promise "the right thing." A Department of Aboriginal Affairs is contemplated, and a scientist is to report on the Blackfellows. The Australian black may not be as fine a specimen as the New Zealand Maori, but he is fully entitled to treatment as a human being. We hope the Australians will soon be found including the blacks in their census returns.

SPRATS ARE SIXPENCE

No sooner had we read that the English Channel was alive with sprats than we passed a fishshop where sprats were ticketed 6d a pound.

It is with the Sprat as with the Herring. It ought to be cheaper. A correspondent tells us that in a town he knows sprats on the same day can be found sold at three prices—4d, 5d, and 6d. What a pity it is that so fine a food should be so badly marketed.

GLASS IN THE DESERT

A Queer Discovery

Some curious lumps of silica-glass are now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

They were discovered with hundreds of others two years ago near the boundary of Italian Cyrenaica, nearly 700 miles from Cairo.

These curious lumps of glass, some of which weigh as much as 16 pounds, lay about the sand dunes in an area which had hitherto been completely unexplored, and has for thousands of years been uninhabitable. The expedition, however, found in the neighbourhood querns and grinding-stones, together with man-made tools formed from the natural rock and from this silica-glass, proving that men had lived here thousands of years ago.

Geologists are puzzling their brains as to how these lumps of silica reached the place in which they were found.

AFTER 20 YEARS

One More Victim of the War

The World War is still claiming its victims. At a Stepney inquest the other day it was found that William Keil died as the result of a bullet wound received in the war. He went to France with the first Territorial Division in 1915.

The doctor gave evidence that death was due to inflammation of the membrane enclosing the heart, set up by the wound, and the verdict was death by enemy action.

JUBILEE STAMPS

The G.P.O.'s prejudice against commemorative postage stamps has broken down in view of the King's Jubilee.

The Postmaster-General announces that a special series of postage stamps is to mark the great occasion. They will be on sale at all post offices for a period of about two months, during which time the ordinary issue will not be sold except from stamp machines.

THROUGH FOREIGN EYES

That Wicked Army

Much amusement has been caused by a Russian newspaper's silly onslaught on the Salvation Army as an army of strike-breakers ready-made to act against the British workers, an army enlisted in the cause of capitalism!

Let us not forget, however, that in every country these ridiculous travesties of "foreign" institutions are published. Pity it is that we cannot bring ourselves to understand that we can know very little of the true nature of things far away. It is only too true that we can easily be misinformed about our own land by people with partisan views, and that false criticisms are printed about British affairs in our own country.

The moral is that we should use exceeding care in reporting and commenting on foreign news. The best way is to look for what is good—it is not really hard to find.

THE LIGHT THAT DID NOT FAIL

Sad Adventure of a Lighthouse

During a recent heavy gale off Twillingate, near St John's, Newfoundland, the huge seas swept away the end of a wooden pier together with a lighthouse built on it. No one was in the lighthouse, but the light was burning.

The lighthouse drifted over the stormy waters until at last it came to rest on an islet. It remained there three days and nights, its light still shining out to sea before it became extinguished.

MILK IN SCHOOL

The reports of the London Education Committee show that the great majority of day-school children are now receiving the daily ration of milk.

Out of an average attendance of 497,107 children 28,587 are said to have a "distaste for milk," and altogether only 85,447 of the children do not take milk at school.

A NEW CAPITAL IN ASIA

Japan's War Victories

TERRITORIES BIGGER THAN FRANCE, GERMANY, & ITALY

Quite recently one saw marked on the map of Manchuria, about halfway between Harbin on the north and Mukden on the south, on the South Manchurian Railway, a town called Chang-chun. Since 1932, when the Japanese took Manchuria by war and made it Manchukuo, Chang-chun has been called Hsinking, which means New Capital.

With their usual energy, Hsinking has been transformed by the Japanese into a bustling city of some 250,000 people. There are wide thoroughfares, excellent buildings, an airport, and good quarters for troops; and doubtless further progress will be equally rapid.

The population of Manchuria, with Jehol (also absorbed by Japan), is about 30,000,000. The land is fertile and there are good harbours. Wheat, millet, barley, and soya beans yield fine crops. Hemp and tobacco are grown and there are excellent cattle. Tussore silk is another valuable product. Gold, lead, silver, copper, and iron are mined, and upon all these valuable natural resources industries are being founded.

Manchuria, with Jehol, is as big as Germany, Italy, and France together. The climate, however, does not favour immigration from Japan. See World Map

MAKING AN EMERALD

The German Chemical Dye Trust claim that they have made the first synthetic emerald.

So closely does it resemble a genuine stone that it is being mounted in a ring with real emeralds, and the owner will not be able to tell the difference.

The name igmerald will be given to the beautiful new gem, which will only be produced in small quantities.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 23 1935

Beginning With Me

THERE are many Chinese Christians today who use a prayer for their Church that it may have new life, and they add the words, *beginning with me*. That is a very good prayer. It is good to begin with ourselves. It is the way of saving the world.

In one of the stories the boys and girls of the last generation used to read there was a king whose country never seemed to go well. Other lands were prosperous and their peoples contented, but his country was a miserable place. The king did many things to remedy the condition of his poor people. He changed his ministers; he made new laws; he issued rules for his people; but things were no better. Then one day he resolved to leave his palace and go away for a year, leaving no address: "How will my poor nation do without me?" he said; but he went, all the same. After a year he came back, and to his surprise he found that the country was changed. There were smiles on all faces. The business of the country was brisk. The land was the envy of all its neighbours.

Then the king understood that what was wrong with his country was himself; he saw that it was he himself who must change.

It is a good rule for nations to apply. The nations are, or ought to be, like a big family; but sometimes they seem like an unhappy family. Each member finds the others awkward or selfish or quarrelsome. In a good family the members who are weak do not suffer from the strong. But in the family of nations there is much greed and selfishness. Beginning with me is the way to make things better.

But we naturally begin to say, "It is not our fault; it is those—; there is no good to be expected unless they change." Perhaps so; but it is better for us to say, "How can we become better friends? It must begin with us."

It is always useful to think of the good things in other people and to look out for what is wrong in ourselves. We shall not forget that we have been taught by our Master that we must cast out the beam from our own eye before we try to cast out the mote from our brother's eye. He meant that we should begin with ourselves.

Thank you, Chinese friends, for your reminder; and we beg of you, English-speaking friends everywhere, to think seriously about it and try to set the world on the right road again, *beginning with us*.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Upside Down

IF this should catch the eye of Sir Josiah Stamp the Economist we beg him to read it with that generosity of spirit which marks Sir Josiah Stamp the Liberal, for it is surely one of the neatest retorts a speaker ever brought upon himself.

Sir Josiah was saying (quite rightly, as we believe) that there are too many books, especially bad ones; whereupon Mr. A. G. MacDonnell said:

We authors do stand on our heads sometimes, and when we do we almost always see the world mostly as the economists have made it.

Bad For Us All

IN Berlin is an exhibition of women's clothes made of artificial materials.

The German textile manufacturers now make it a condition that buyers of real cottons or woollens must also buy a quantity of substitutes. If the buyer wants 1000 yards of woollen cloth he must also order 300 yards made from artificial fibres.

This hits all producers of cotton, wool, flax, hemp, silk, and jute, reduces shipping, and makes bad buyers of an army of producers. It is not only in war materials that we need a sane policy: the world needs Disarmament in respect of peace as well.

Too Much Food?

IT is so often said that too much is produced that attention may be directed to a sad case at Nottingham.

The police visited a poor home in connection with a charge of stealing from a meter. The officers found only a crust of bread in the dwelling, and the family of five were so distressed that the officers gave them money out of their own pockets.

The offender, an unemployed labourer, was placed on probation for twelve months. He said he could not see the children go hungry. The only money received of late was 18s a week from the Assistance Committee.

Our Kind Income-Tax Men

EVERYBODY knows how hard it is to pay income tax. The other day we heard of a little firm which has been struggling to continue its existence many years and has been enabled to carry on because the income-tax people have settled an ancient claim of £1200 with a payment of £100.

It is now announced that the sum that has been forgiven to income-tax payers by the Treasury for all sorts of reasons has reached over £3,500,000.

When we think how inconsiderate the income tax is it will be well to remember that it is sometimes kind.

The Stupids

Against stupidity the gods themselves battle in vain. Goethe

Everybody Please Copy

THE Potato Marketing Board has had many severe critics, but few will differ from its sensible plan of disposing of surplus potatoes.

In the needy North it is offering the surplus to the unemployed at a very low price.

We congratulate the Board and hope the idea will be carried much farther by application to all food surpluses. Why should herring fishers lay up their boats while children go unfed?

Why should our generation do foolish things to make it the scorn of the generation to come?

Tip-Cat

THE baker is one of the busiest men in a village. Yet the one you go to when you want a loaf.

A DINER found a pearl in his oyster soup. Must have been rich soup.

A NEW magazine is to be started for pedal cyclists. It ought to have plenty of push behind it.

MANY an office boy turns out a good clerk. The clerk shouldn't let him.

YOUNG men who are always dancing deserve to be driven from home.

says a writer. But they often have their own cars.

A CRICKETER declares he is always out to win. But when he is out he has lost.

You can slip on overshoes in a twinkling, says a writer. Sounds a bit flashy.

SOME people don't have half the sleep they need at night. Perhaps they get the rest in the day.

A NATURALIST says trees speak to him. Thought they only had a bark.

A HOUSEHOLDER threw an alarm clock at a burglar. It was the burglar that went off.

THE wages of seamen are being discussed. A deep question.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWENTY poor dog-owners received their licence money last month from the Scottish S.P.C.A.

LADY RIDDELL has given £100,000 to St Thomas's Hospital.

ABOUT 400,000 people from abroad came to this country last year.

JUST AN IDEA

Why does everybody feel happier when spring is coming? Because it is the coming of beauty and the leaping-up of life; it is the hope in every heart.

The People Marching On

WHAT is this, the sound and rumour?

What is this that all men hear,
Like the wind in hollow valleys
When the storm is drawing near?
Tis the People marching on.

These are they who build our houses,
Weave our garments, win our wheat,
Smooth the rugged, till the barren,
Turn the bitter into sweet:
All for us, our ease and pleasure.
What reward for them is meet?

Many a hundred years passed over
Have they laboured, deaf and blind;
Never tidings reached their sorrow,
Never hope their toil might find.
Now at length they know their power,
And their cry comes down the wind:
Tis the People marching on.

William Morris

The Old Man of the Hills

This little picture of life comes to us from an orphan school at Faraman Village in Persia, 15 miles from Kermanshah.

ONE of the old men who help to work our land died last night. He had typhoid and passed through the three weeks of fever safely, but had a relapse and for several days had been rapidly getting worse.

I was awakened about two o'clock this morning to open the compound gate to let a horseman out to ride to town for a shroud. Early this morning some drummers and fifers arrived and played incessantly on their instruments till nearly noon, while the wife and children and other relatives wailed and bemoaned the departed. The messenger arrived with the shroud about eleven, and a little later a procession of horse and foot men started for a shrine in the Kakavend country, whence the old man originally came, and where he now returns for burial.

He had been a familiar figure on the compound for years and will be much missed. He knew a great deal about the diseases of animals, especially sheep and goats, and was skilful in setting broken bones. In this hilly, rocky country the poor sheep often fare badly. The goats run along the hillsides and climb the mountains and start stones rolling down on the sheep below, and many a poor sheep with a broken leg may well be grateful to old Aziz Khan for a speedy and complete recovery.

The Transient Hour

Catch then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower:
He dies—alas! how soon he dies.

Samuel Johnson

But that which put Glory of Grace into all that he did was that he did it of pure love to his country.

John Bunyan

SMUTS LOOKS ROUND THE WORLD AGAIN SHADOWING EVENTS

Human Liberty and the Peace
of the Pacific Both in Peril

THE WAY TO SAVE CIVILISATION

Dr Smuts, perhaps the wisest man in the world today on international affairs, has been speaking once more, this time in his own Africa, at Cape Town.

We take these passages from an address of very great importance to us all.

There are two features in the world situation which appear to me as potential dangers. One is the decay of the spirit of political liberty in Europe; the other is the situation which appears to be developing in the Far East.

The vast experiments in government now being tried out in Russia, Italy, Germany, and elsewhere are novel developments. While they contradict each other, they all have one feature in common—their denial of liberty as a principle, and their making the individual citizen not an end in himself but a means at the free disposal of the State.

Crushing Out Freedom

The entire force at the disposal of the modern State is now being used to crush out the spirit and the principle of personal freedom, and to substitute for it a mass mentality which obediently follows the will of the political leader or his machine. I dare not conceal my deep conviction that in these grave developments we see not new life for the world but rather decay. Man as a personality is destined to be a free citizen in a free world, not an ant in some human termitary.

Tyranny and freedom cannot live side by side. Abraham Lincoln's great dictum about an American half slave and half free applies here with full force. My own belief is that these new movements are temporary and passing, that they were born of war, misery, and defeatism, and that in a normal Europe they will tend to disappear.

Sleeping Asia Awakening

In the meantime the liberty-loving nations will stand guard for the noblest light that has yet dawned for man.

While Europe, impoverished and enfeebled by the Great War, is still further distracted by this conflict of ideals, a new portent of the first order is appearing in Asia. Sleeping Asia is awakening, is stirring from one end to the other. Two-thirds of the human race are on the move—no one knows whither.

At the head of this movement is a Great Power which already claims naval equality with the two greatest sea Powers in the world. Japan is making a spurt in economic penetration, not only of Asia, but also of other continents. Every part of this African continent feels the impact of this immense economic thrust. We are here face to face with one of the major developments in history. By the side of this fateful situation the troubles of Europe are like family squabbles.

A New Situation

With the policy on which Japan has now embarked there is serious risk that the machinery of peace will be destroyed, and that Japan, Russia, China, the United States, Britain, and the Dominions lying in or bordering on the Pacific (Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India) may all become involved in disputes and conflicts which in the end may embrace all mankind.

A completely new situation is thus arising in the world, and some of the countries which have hitherto felt most secure in their remoteness from the old European scene of conflict are now well within the range of new dangers.

I feel convinced that in proportion as this comes to be clearly realised we shall see a complete recasting of the old international groupings. Europe will cease to be the world's centre of disturbance,

CAN WE DO WITHOUT THE BEACONS?

THE C.N. wishes to suggest to the Ministry of Transport a new plan of calling attention to the Safeway crossings.

Our own view of the Beacons is that while they are not beautiful they are immensely helpful, and a great factor in educating the public into the habit of Crossing by the Safeway.

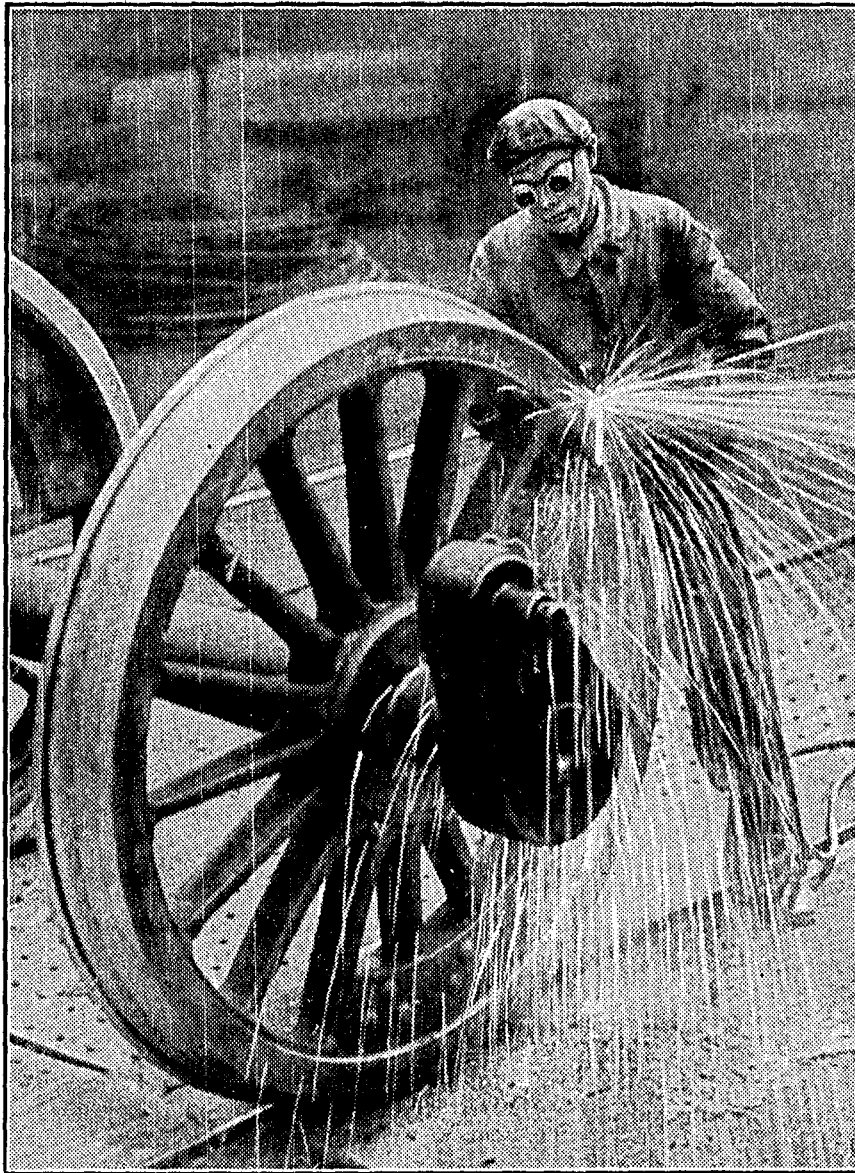
As there is an essential element of unpopularity in the Beacons, and as they are almost useless by night, the C.N. suggests that the trouble can be over-

come by eliminating them altogether and using a centre light in the roadway.

Nearly always the Beacons are where a central standard light exists, and if one Beacon were put high on this central standard it could be lit at night and would easily be seen.

It would save expense, would make it possible for Beacons to be lit for next-to-nothing, and would, we believe, be an immense gain in every way without any loss.

NEW TYRES FOR A RAILWAY ENGINE



When the steel tyres of a locomotive wear out they are cut off with an oxy-acetylene flame

Continued from the previous column
and the centre of gravity in world affairs will pass to the Pacific.

We shall roll up the old map of world affairs and shall unroll a new map in response to the new situation which will then confront us.

Much as one may disapprove of the policy on which Japan has embarked, one cannot but bear in mind that she is passing through a grave internal crisis and a difficult phase of her history, and that her present policy may not express her permanent outlook on world affairs. Her situation, therefore, calls for a large measure of patience and goodwill on the part of other countries. Let us be friendly and helpful.

But we have to face the possibility that this friendly attitude may fail in its purpose. The question arises whether the situation now threatening does not call for some tangible sign of cooperation on the part of the United States. If Japan knew that, treaty or no treaty, there was a policy of practical cooperation between the British and American groups, that knowledge would in all probability of itself suffice to ensure the peace of the Pacific. Convergent policies and active cooperation between the two greatest sea Powers would be sufficient.

At a certain point problems of international affairs become bound up with deeper issues, and failure to solve them endangers civilisation. It would almost appear as if such a point has been reached in the present crisis in world affairs.

A substantial improvement in the situation would at once lead to a new confidence in the future, and would dissipate the fears which produce a sort of creeping paralysis in the economic affairs of the world. An international settlement would set the wheels of industry in motion again, and that will automatically solve most of the problems which baffle our politics.

An auspicious start seems at last to have been made at the London Conference. There is a graver realisation of the dangers ahead among the people at large; there is a deeper sense of responsibility, and there is a greater readiness to take or accept drastic solutions. There are new men too. A change for the better was perceptible in 1934; 1935 should prove the best year yet for recovery and for peace since 1914. I believe public opinion in Europe and America is ripe for a great change, and will respond to wise, courageous leadership. The moment seems to have come; may the men not fail us.

THE PEPPER POT AND THE EMPIRE SPICE IN THE NEWS AGAIN

Why You Should Look at the
Skyline of Trafalgar Square
OUR DUTCH RIVALS LONG AGO

On the skyline of Trafalgar Square stands a row of pepper pots, the jolly little ornaments of the roof of the National Gallery.

But who remembers that the pepper pot, so aptly set at the heart of the capital, is really at the very foundation of the Empire?

It is worth while looking into, with pepper so much in the news just now.

There has been trouble in the City of London owing to gambling in pepper, which has fortunately upset the calculations of the gamblers rather than the public. The pepper pot has been too hot for them.

A Famous Epigram

Pepper and spices are not esteemed so highly today as in the Long Ago, when the market was very important. Its establishment is, in fact, closely linked with the rise of England as a great World Power.

Pepper and spices are mainly the produce of the Far East, and Western civilisation greatly prized what little was brought over the trade routes of Arabia to the ports of the Mediterranean. In a famous epigram the poet Martial, the satirist of Roman luxury which he saw about him everywhere, declined the gift of a luscious boar because of the great pile of pepper that would be needed for the sauce to accompany it on the table. In the Middle Ages pepper and other condiments were only available for the very rich.

Dutch and English

Then the Portuguese mariners made their way to India, and beyond, and established themselves on the Moluccas in the East Indies, then called the Spice Islands. In the 16th century all the Western world was agog with talk of the new supplies then available; and Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice opens and closes with the supposed wreck of Antonio's argosies bearing spices. Indeed the fact that Portugal held the trade route via the Cape led to attempts to find alternative routes by the north-west and north-east passages. The discoveries of Cabot and other English adventurers are thus due to the lure of the Spice Islands.

The East India Company was formed in London in 1600, but about the same time the Dutch, more daring, had challenged Portugal on its trade routes and wrested from it the main sources of pepper and spice, including Java and the Moluccas. About the time of Shakespeare's death an agreement was reached between the Dutch and English to share the cloves, nutmegs, and pepper; but there was still conflict in the East, and in 1623 there was a terrible massacre of English adventurers by the Dutch established at Amboyna, the Dutch claiming priority because they had expelled the Portuguese.

The Fight For Sea Power

The East India Company was unpopular at home, though they pointed out that they were selling Eastern goods more cheaply than those who used the older route through Turkey and the Mediterranean. Charles Stuart expected the Company to supply him with Eastern manuscripts, and in 1640, when he was needing money, he made them sell all the pepper they possessed for royal bonds to be gradually redeemed.

The Dutch wars of the 17th century were really due to the rivalry between the Dutch and the English, who had between them broken the sea power of Portugal and Spain. England eventually won the fight for sea power and thus made secure the Empire she was building up in the Seven Seas.

ELEPHANTS VERY CHEAP

Delightful Nonsense

BUT IT SERVES TO POINT THE PRINCIPAL TASK OF OUR AGE

A letter in The Times telling how cheaply elephants may be bought in Assam has suggested to an American wit that Going Back to the Elephant would solve many modern problems.

The introduction of elephant transport would end the enormous loss of life due to motor-car accidents. The elephant's 3-cwt meals would successfully dispose of all agricultural surpluses. With an elephant-yard attached to each house, the crowding together in cities would cease.

There would be no more wailing that the old family Pachyderm was really not fit to ride, and that terrible dent in the mudguard—and the Joneses have such a smart new model!—for elephants are wonderfully durable and their paint does not rub off.

Man and His Master

There would be about the same amount of hosing down as there is now, but no trouble with polishing and no dirty windshields.

Unemployment would vanish, as it would take everyone so long to get to and from work that the working day would be cut in half, and so double the number of people to be employed.

Finally, business men going to work in their howdahs would have time to read the morning paper properly.

This nonsense is, of course, just a backwards-language parable about the way Man has let Speed become his master. It is possible to put speed and machines in their places as man's servants without taking up elephants. It is the principal task of our age.

FETTERED SLAVES AND PRECIOUS STONES

News From the Sixth Century

The remains of a Christianity which thrived in the Sudan some 1400 years ago have been brought to light.

An Oxford University expedition, led by Mr L. P. Kirwan, has been excavating sixth-century tombs at the village of Firka, on the east bank of the Nile, at the head of the Second Cataract. It was here in 1894 that Lord Kitchener had his first serious fight with the Dervishes on his way to Omdurman.

Mr Kirwan has discovered the sites of three churches in the neighbourhood of Firka, indicating that it was a Christian centre of some importance in Nubia before the Moslems entered it in the 7th century.

The Christian kings of Dongola to the south of Firka resisted the Arabs down to the 14th century, when they were finally overwhelmed. It appears that the inhabitants were converted to Christianity during the 6th century by missionaries from Constantinople.

Evidence of the Byzantine source of their religion has been brought to light in an urn and an elaborate lamp, as well as by other bronze bowls and cups ornamented with foliage and scrolls. There are many pottery vessels too, marked with Christian symbols.

Mr Kirwan has entered a tomb at Firka in the centre of which lay two skeletons on the remains of a wooden couch over which was a canopy. In the tomb were spears with silver handles, and beads of precious stones cut by skilled workmen.

In another chamber were found the skeletons of two slaves with the remains of iron fetters round their arms and iron keys attached to their waists.

BROKEN CHINA

League Helping To Get It Straight

RACE OF SCIENCE WITH THE BRIGAND AND THE MILITARIST

Famine, flood, drought, and poor communications are the physical causes that bring widespread suffering to China.

Once this might have been attributed to the wrath of the gods, but now it is believed that modern engineering can prevent a great deal of it.

Four years ago China turned to the League of Nations, saying in effect to her sister nations: "We want to put our house in order; will you help?"

A plan of technical cooperation was drawn up by which the League sends experts to China to study conditions and advise the Chinese National Economic Council how to improve them.

Preparing the Way

Health experts have gone out to study the hospitals, the training of doctors and nurses, the manufacture of vaccines, the health-centres and clinics, the infant death-rate. Educationists have studied the schools and suggested ways to improve them.

Now a group of engineers, collected from Madagascar, The Hague, Milan, and London, have been invited to consult with the Chinese Water Conservancy Services. They found on the spot, ready to aid them, two members of the League's Transit Organisation, one a Dutchman and one a Pole, who had been out there for some years preparing the way.

If the scientists, the sociologists, and the engineers can only work faster and better than the politicians, the brigands, and the militarists they may get our world to rights after all.

An air mail service now operates between Liverpool and the Isle of Man.

St George's Hospital is to be rebuilt on its present site at Hyde Park Corner.

WHAT OF THE LAND?

Great New Picture of It THE DANGER OF LOSING THE BEST

An English journey like that made by Cobbett a century ago is just ending.

It is the survey made by the London School of Economics during the last five years of the whole of England as well as of Scotland and Wales. It will afford the first complete picture of what has happened to the land since the first tithe maps of last century were made.

The survey (to which we have often referred in the C.N.) shows some strange changes and some places where there has been no change at all. In the parish of Chalk, for example, two miles from Gravesend, nothing seems to have happened since William the Fourth was king. A Rip Van Winkle coming back would find that one wood now grows barley, and there are two fields for sheep and cows where corn used to sprout.

A Curious and Disturbing Fact

Otherwise, as Chalk began, so it goes on, though only a few miles south at Meopham nearly every arable field has changed to pasture. In Kent as a whole there has been a great increase of fruit trees. In Middlesex, on the other hand, the fruit trees have disappeared, and lettuces and early vegetables have taken their place in the market garden. Near London the market gardens are fast disappearing under bricks and mortar.

A curious and rather disturbing fact about housing in general is that, unless it is controlled, the houses are planted out on the best arable land.

This development has been accelerated by the decline in arable farming, a decline which has released large areas of poor land, but also a great deal of land of heavy soil expensive to cultivate.

POLICEMAN AND KING

Story of Prempeh in Exile SENDING 25 WIVES HOME

The setting up of Prempeh the Second in Ashanti has recalled to our Seychelles correspondent a story of the first Prempeh, who was exiled for his misdeeds to those islands in the Indian Ocean.

As was natural, all denominations tried to convert the king and his followers to their faith, and at last the king inquired what faith Edward the Seventh followed. On being told that he belonged to the Church of England Prempeh said that what was good enough for the King of England was good enough for him, so the bishop made a special journey to Seychelles to baptise him.

A slight trouble arose when the king was told that he would only be allowed one wife if he joined the Church; but finally he confessed that "women were always a nuisance and talked too much," so his remaining 25 wives were returned home at Government expense.

Block and Axe

Before his conversion the king used to hold his own court. One day the policeman on duty observed a block being prepared and an axe being sharpened on the stone. After a while a chief was led out bound with ropes. The policeman then thought he had better make inquiries, and was told that the chief had offended the king and was to be beheaded. The king was most upset on being told that he could not carry out that sort of justice in a British colony.

When Prempeh and his followers finally left Seychelles the bones of those who had died during their captivity were dug up and placed in boxes, and accompanied their living relatives out of exile.

HERR HITLER AND HIS ARMY

The Innocent Man Slain

Once again the Reichswehr, the recognised German Army, has raised with Herr Hitler the question of General von Schleicher.

Von Schleicher is dead, but it is not true that dead men tell no tales. He was one of the victims of Hitler's Purge last June, when a number of real or fancied opponents of the Hitler and Goering rule disappeared, and, according to the official explanation, had been shot down while resisting arrest on a charge of treasonable dealings with a foreign Power.

The Army and the War Office refused to believe the accusations levelled against the general and the War Office took steps to establish his innocence. In the first days of this New Year the Officers Corps of the Reichswehr demanded and obtained a meeting with Herr Hitler to lay the proofs before him. He received them and admitted that Von Schleicher had been unjustly accused.

There for the moment the matter ends, but for how long? Herr Hitler may find, like many a dictator before him, that "the strokes of injustice will surely rebound," especially when there is an army to see to it.

THE KING'S DAY

The Prime Minister has announced that it is intended to declare Monday, May 6, 1935, the 25th anniversary of King George's accession, a bank holiday.

The day is to be observed as a paid holiday for employees in Government establishments, including industrial workers, and we earnestly hope that in all cases in which wage-earners are thrown idle on the King's day employers will remember the hint. To millions the loss of a day's wage is a serious matter.

100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel For C.N. Readers

WITH every copy of this week's C.N. readers should find four beautiful reproductions in miniature of Southern Railway posters, the first of a series of forty, and also an album for the Poster Stamps.

It will greatly interest boys and girls to collect these beautiful pictures and fill up the blank spaces in the album as the Poster Stamps appear each week. But there will be just as much interest in the Mapping Test which is announced in the special supplement to the album.

NEVER before have such novel awards been offered. There will be 300 prizes consisting of 100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel, and all boys and girls not over fifteen will have an equal chance of winning, because the prizes, which are to be given for the best maps received, are to be divided according to the proportion of entries received from each age.

SUCCESSFUL entrants will be able to share their prizes with others.

Think how jolly that will be in the happy holiday times before us! A winner of 500 miles of Free Rail Travel may have tickets for two for 250 miles, or otherwise by arrangement with the Editor, and they will be available on any British railway.

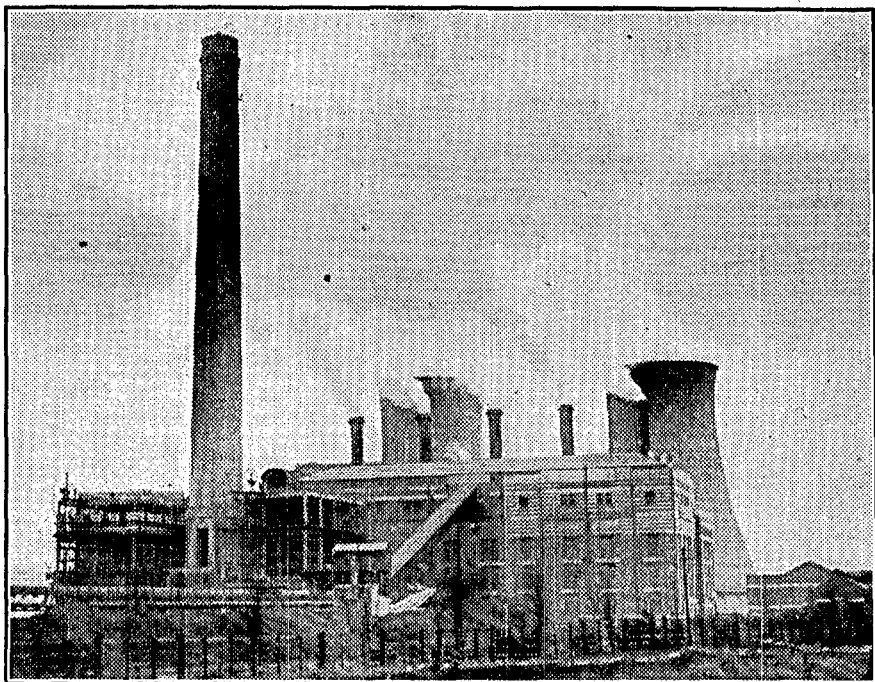
Now please turn to the centre pages of The Book of the Southern Railway and see what you have to do to win one of these novel awards. It is regretted that the Mapping Test is not open to overseas readers, but this is not possible owing to the nature of the awards. Our readers abroad will, however, be able to fill their albums with the very beautiful Poster Stamps.

READERS are asked to give their newsagents instructions to deliver the C.N. regularly each week. By doing this they can make sure of completing their collections of Poster Stamps and also of seeing the many good things which are to appear from week to week.

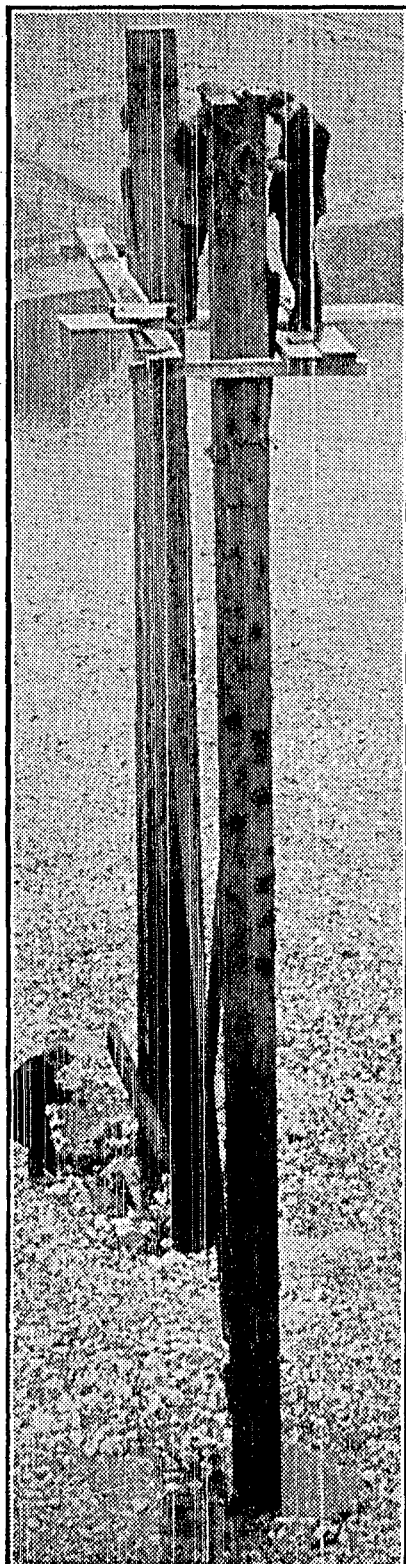
THE LONGEST BRIDGE · THE NORMANDIE'S PROPELLERS · A HUNTED FOX



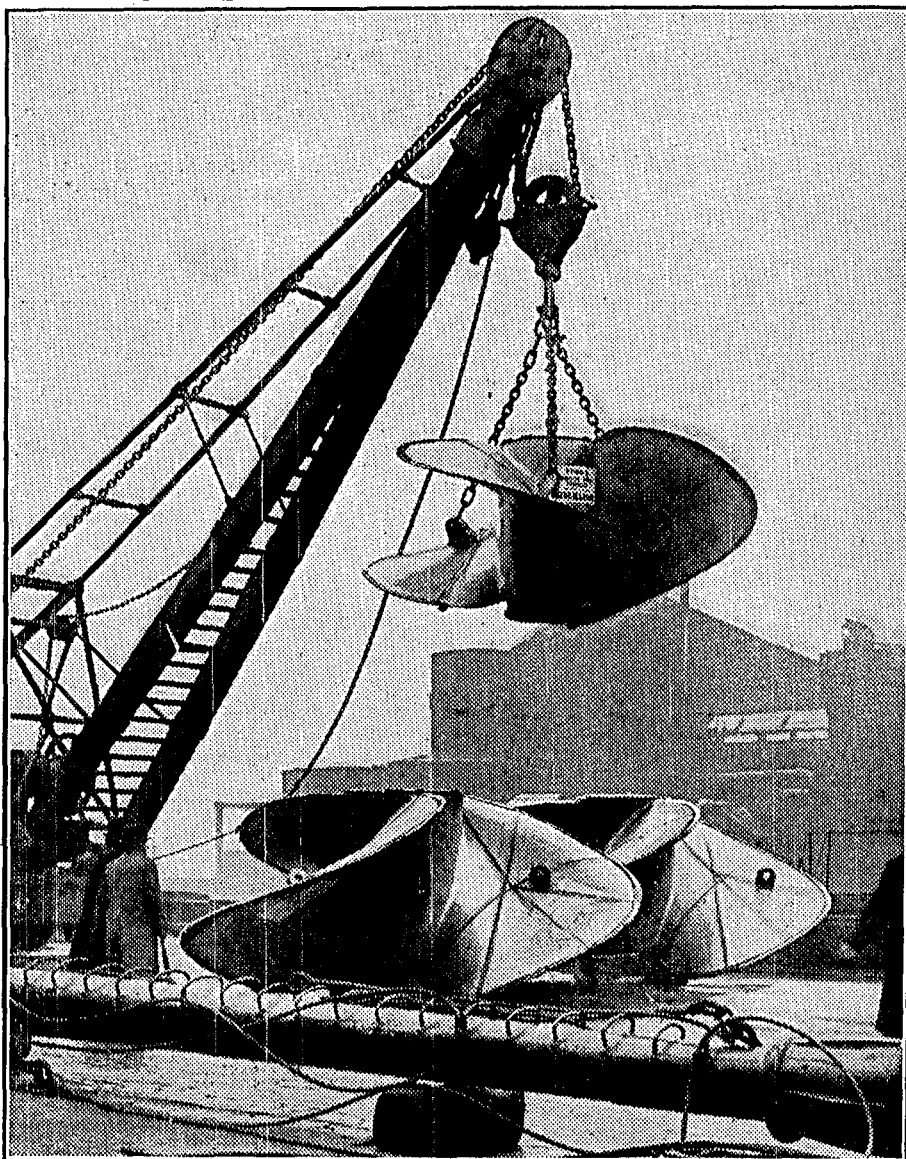
The Longest Bridge—This view of the newly-opened railway bridge across the Zambesi shows some of the 33 main spans. It is the world's longest bridge across water.



A Tall Chimney—Recently built at Birmingham electricity station near Water Orton, this chimney is 351 feet high and is said to be the tallest in the Midlands.



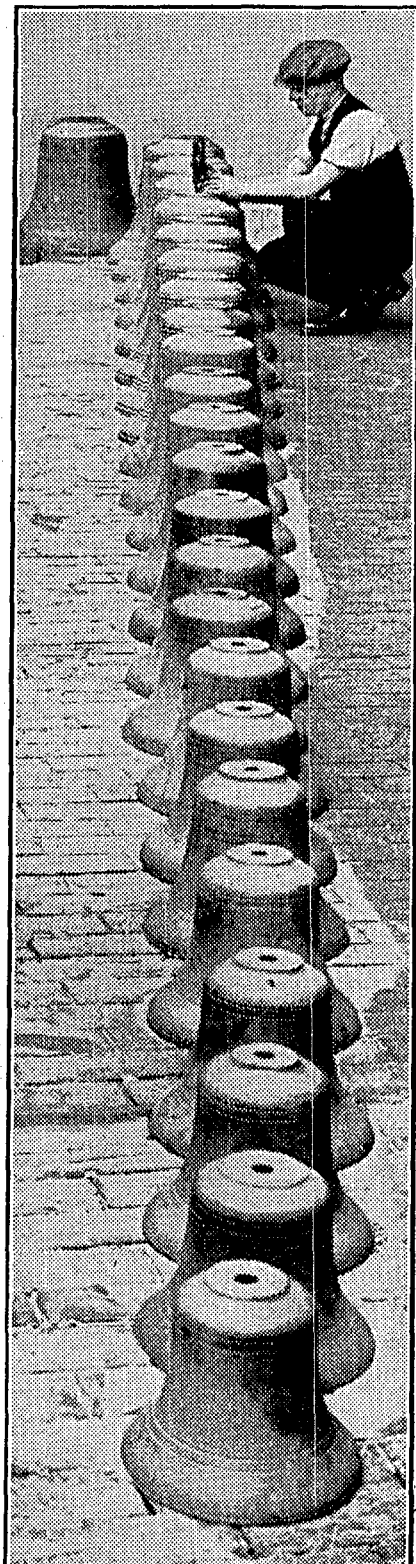
At Chelsea—Setting up the piles of the temporary bridge across the Thames while the new Chelsea Bridge is being built.



To Drive the Normandie—The four bronze propellers for the great French liner which is now nearing completion at St Nazaire, the seaport at the mouth of the Loire, have been made at Deptford. They are 16 feet in diameter and weigh 23 tons each.



Flight—It is seldom that the camera catches such a remarkable picture as this of a hunted fox fleeing for its life from a pack of hounds in Shropshire.



Bells of Perth—A carillon for a church at Perth in Scotland is here seen in the Croydon foundry where the bells were cast.

THE DRAGONS THAT STAND IN OUR PATHWAY

This week our thoughts are again with the child victims of the old factory system; and, looking at the dragons in the pathway of human progress, we are reminded once more of the tragic fact that the last lesson learned by Christian people was charity.

THE first interest of Parliament in the cry of the child victims of the old factory system was aroused, not by shame or sympathy or sorrow, but by fear. The children were dying so fast that there was no room in the churchyards, and the manufacturers feared the people if the truth were known. An Act was therefore passed limiting the work of children to twelve hours a day. Parliament stopped the killing of children because there was no room to bury them.

It was a beginning, and the movement prompted by fear was fostered by jealousy, for the landowners were so jealous of the growing power of the manufacturers that they voted for Factory Bills gladly. But when did fear and jealousy do any great thing in the world? It happened that these first laws dealt with apprentices only, and the manufacturers were able to dismiss the apprentices and take the free children of their workpeople, so that the evil began again. Mothers carried their babies with them to the mills at four in the morning, and things became worse than ever until, in 1819, another Act was passed forbidding the employment of children under nine. The manufacturers, who had used the power of machinery to grind children to powder, had friends everywhere, and the crusade for the children which now began to grow up aroused the bitterest scorn.

Parliament and Child Workers

The manufacturers would be ruined, it was said. Manchester would become a tomb, said Daniel O'Connell (and, as one in eight of its people lived in dark cellars, he might have added that a tomb was a very fitting place for a slum). At a Parliamentary Committee a doctor, asked if amusement or recreation was necessary for a child, said that he did not see that it was necessary at all; and another doctor, when asked if a child could work 23 hours at a stretch, would give no answer except that "perhaps it could not work 24."

Even John Bright declared that the Ten Hours Bill was one of the worst measures ever passed through Parliament, and proposed an amendment that the hours of labour should be from 5.30 in the morning till 8.30 at night. Happily for England, Lord Shaftesbury was more powerful than John Bright. Parliament rose to the mighty height of forbidding night work for children and limiting their Saturday work to nine hours; and in 1842 little girls were saved from the slavery of the mine, and no boys under ten were allowed to go down. In that year one-third of all the workers in our mines were children; for every two men who went down one child went too.

Our Debt To Lord Shaftesbury

There are still too many boys in our mines who should be at school, but the days when Lord Shaftesbury could plead in Parliament for the child slaves of England, and have an audience of two, have gone for ever. He saved the children who were being slowly murdered in our mills and factories; he saved the children whose eyes were hardly ever allowed to see the sun. He saved the

little chimney-sweeps who were forced up chimneys from three in the morning till ten at night, and allowed to sleep the other five hours on a sack of soot in a cellar. If they did not climb the chimneys fast enough their masters would burn straw behind them; and it was the Bill to stop this that took a hundred years to pass; it did not pass till 1840, when a member of the House of Lords spoke of it as "a pitiful cant of sham philanthropy."

The British Parliament which freed the Negro slaves cared little or nothing for the child slaves of England, and the truth is that Lord Shaftesbury saved the childhood of this land from a slavery which the leaders of the nation for a hundred years were willing to impose upon them. They were ground into gold to burst the pockets of the manufacturers, and there is not in all the world a story of more woe than the story of the saving of our children while most of our great men looked on, or passed by, or were hostile.

WHEN we are apt to be impatient let us think of our incredible past and be encouraged. How slow progress really is! We must remember the forces against us. Nothing is so invincible as ignorance, and it seems only as yesterday that knowledge was brought within reach of all. We do not realise how often for every man who wants to

help the world there are two who want to leave it alone, and twenty-two who care nothing either way.

One thing in the history of the world speaks eloquently of the dragons that rise in the path of the human race. We have talked of the slave trade, but how many of us realise that this trade, dying and almost ended when Columbus found America, received a new lease of life from the discovery of a new world? Centuries passed away, millions of Africans were stolen from their homes and sold as cattle in America, and then there came the framing of the Constitution of the Great Republic. The Constitution was drawn up to forbid slavery, but the clauses forbidding it were omitted to please certain States which made great profits out of slaves.

So the timidity of the founders of the Great Republic prepared the way for the Civil War. A few heartless men grow rich by the traffic in human life; the framers of the Constitution are afraid. So the life of half a continent is rent in twain; but still the unsolvable colour problem stares America in the face like a spectre that will not go.

Let us take a few more examples of the enemy Progress has to fight against: The slave trade in America had a value of £400,000,000 when William Lloyd Garrison cried out against it and was dragged through the streets of Boston; and the power of wealth has always

stood like a lion in the reformer's path. But more powerful than wealth has been the prejudice against new things. Science has brought Australia nearer to London than Edinburgh was in the coaching days, but the quickening up of the world was brought about in spite of all who should have helped it.

The world scoffed at the penny post; the Postmaster-General denounced it. The Post Office did its best to kill the telephone, as the Admiralty tried to kill the telegraph. Sir Walter Scott called the inventor of gas-lighting a madman; and a scientist said you might as well try to light London with a slice of the Moon. Faraday, the greatest electrician of his age, pooh-poohed the idea of electric light. The President of the Royal Society ridiculed the idea of steamships because an engine needed a firm base, and of course (he said) you could not have a firm base at sea. Both Pitt and Napoleon refused a steam navy; it is one of the remarkable facts in history that both England and France were offered steam-power before Trafalgar, and rejected it as a wild dream.

Some Martyrs of Progress

The men who wrote new pages in the book of knowledge, who gave new powers of happiness to mankind, were treated as if they were criminals or madmen. Jenner, who destroyed the pestilence of smallpox, was bitterly opposed; Sir James Simpson, who discovered the use of chloroform and saved the race from incalculable pain, was denounced as an infidel. William Harvey, who revealed to men the most important truth about their bodies, was ruined by persecution; Galileo, who made the first telescope, was tried by the Inquisition; Sir Isaac Newton, for revealing the great fact of gravitation, was condemned as an enemy of God.

For a thousand years the human mind was chained, and how many years has thought been free to go whither it will? We do not forget that Milton died amid the scorn of his countrymen, and that the Parliament which burned his books came within seven votes of passing a law to compel every person to swear not to advocate a change in government. Preachers were cast into prison with thieves, and the gaols were crammed with the best men in the land. Only a lifetime ago a bishop opposed the opening of the churchyards to all the people on the plea that it would be an Act for the burial of the Church of England itself.

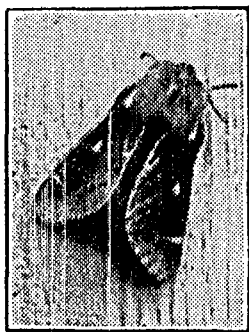
The Great Lesson of Charity

We do not always realise the priceless value of freedom of thought, or how slowly it came. For 1700 years after the birth of Christ no member of His race was allowed to own land in England, and it took 25 years of agitation to enable a Jew to be a British citizen.

The last lesson learned by Christian people was charity, the greatest of all, and 380 years after Christ an edict of the Church declared: "We ordain that the name of Christian shall apply only to those who obey this present law. All others we judge to be mad and demented." St Augustine wrote that little children who had just begun to live and died unbaptised must be punished by eternal torture; and a great preacher of Milton's day urged that children should be left to learn the Catechism and pray and weep by themselves.

continued next week

NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



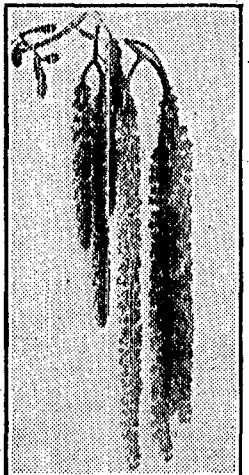
The small egg moth appears. It is common in the South of England



The jay wanders from its usual haunts in search of food, for berries and insects are scarce just now



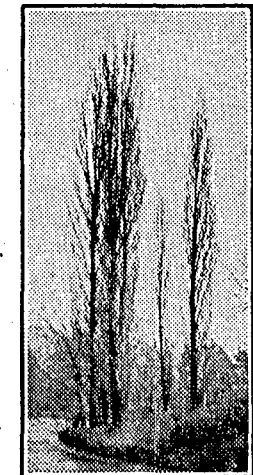
The apple blossom weevil wakes from its winter sleep. It is shown magnified



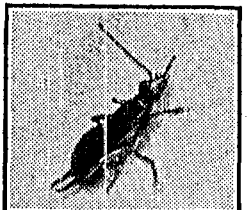
The long catkins of the alder appear before the leaves



The lapwing will soon be returning northward



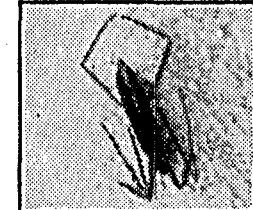
Lombardy poplars, even when leafless, are notable landmarks



A warm day will tempt the earwig to come out



Among the earliest of spring flowers are the wood anemones, or wind flowers



The pond skater is resting under the stones

THE NEW COMET

WHERE TO FIND IT

The Great Nebula of Over a Thousand Million Suns

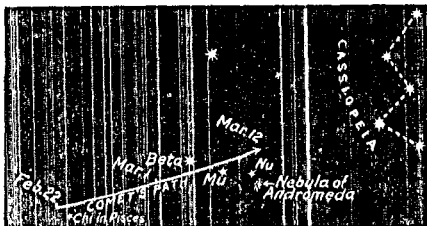
A FAR-OFF UNIVERSE

By the G.N. Astronomer

The new Comet 1935a, which has been approaching our evening sky from the southern heavens since its discovery, as described in the C.N. of February 2, is now ascending high in the west and may be seen with a telescope of only 2-inch aperture or even good field-glasses.

The comet's path from February 22 to March 12 is shown in the accompanying star-map; after this date the presence of the Moon will interfere with observation, while the comet itself will be fading considerably owing to increasing distance from both the Earth and the Sun.

At present the comet is travelling through the constellation of Pisces, taking a northerly course eastward of



The path of the new comet across the western sky. Its position may be estimated from the dates shown

the Great Square of Pegasus, which may be easily recognised in the early evening rather low in the west.

The comet will soon enter the constellation of Andromeda, travelling direct toward Cassiopeia, which may be easily identified high in the north-west. It will pass close to the star Beta in Andromeda about March 5 and 6, also Mu in Andromeda about March 8. Excellent opportunities will then be provided for finding it, for this is the course the comet is expected to take according to the ephemeris calculated from its path up to the present by Dr A. C. D. Crommelin.

Seekers should scan the sky near the point approximating to the date of observation, when the comet will appear like a diffuse ball of luminous mist, probably too faint to be even glimpsed with the naked eye.

The comet will be at perihelion, or nearest the Sun, about February 24, and therefore most probably at its brightest; so, as it is now receding from the Earth, no hopes may be entertained of an impressive sight from this cometary visitor.

As the comet travels northward toward Cassiopeia it will pass not far from that grand far-off universe known as the Great Nebula of Andromeda, so its position is indicated on the star-map in order that the nebula may not be mistaken for the comet. For the nebula is readily perceived with the naked eye on a clear dark night, appearing as an oval patch of faint misty light, somewhat larger than the apparent width of the Moon. The nebula's position may be exactly located by the 4th-magnitude star Nu, which is almost in line with Mu and Beta before mentioned.

Many Millions of Comets

This so-called nebula is in reality of far greater interest than the comet, for doubtless many millions of comets enter into its composition. It is known that its light takes about 870,000 years to reach the Earth and that this comes from between 1000 million and 2000 million suns, many of which are perceptible on photographs taken through the most powerful telescopes.

From all this we may infer what countless millions of worlds and lesser orbs are revolving each in its carefully balanced orbit as that colossal concourse of whirling suns rotates through space even as our own Universe does.

It is unique in being the farthest object which the naked eye can gaze upon.

G. F. M.

THE LONELY LIZARD

WHY SUMBA IS SO BAD TEMPERED

A Komodo Dragon Who Attacks His Keepers

A COMPANION WANTED

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Sumba, the Zoo's surviving Komodo "dragon," has now become a genuine dragon.

These giant lizards, peculiar to the Island of Komodo in the Dutch East Indies, have the reputation of being most ferocious, but when the Zoo acquired two 7-foot specimens which were the first of these creatures to reach Europe alive the reptiles showed no sign of dragon-like tendencies.

One of them (Sumbawa) was so docile that he soon became a pet and was tame enough to be trusted with small children.

The other (Sumba) was less amiable, but considering his size was remarkably manageable. On two occasions he injured a keeper, but there was a strong belief that this was due more to nerves and a mistake than to real ill-temper.

Apparently, however, Sumba's semi-dolour was due to Sumbawa's influence. At the end of January last year Sumbawa died, and since then Sumba has been growing more and more aggressive, and now he tries to attack the keepers when they enter his home, so his rations have to be thrown to him from a distance.

A Pathetic Scene

This change in Sumba is thought to be the result of loneliness. It was his behaviour that drew the keepers attention to his companion on the morning Sumbawa was found dead. For poor Sumba was walking round and round and touching Sumbawa's body with his nose as though wondering what could be the matter, and he refused to let the keepers approach Sumbawa until they tied him up in a sack.

After that Sumba went off his food for a fortnight and later grew morose and bad tempered. The idea of placing a small alligator in his den has been contemplated, but the risk of a fight which might cause injury to the valuable dragon is considered too great.

There is, however, a chance that the Zoo may be fortunate enough to acquire some more examples of these giant lizards this spring, and in that case poor Sumba may be able to find a congenial companion of his own kind.

A LIQUID COAL

Something New With Our Oldest Treasure

A liquid coal is being produced at Cardiff, finely pulverised coal suspended in oil and stable for many months.

The mixture consists of half coal, half oil. There are no by-products and little waste, production costs and maintenance charges are low, and combustion takes place almost simultaneously. The fuel can be pumped at all ordinary temperatures and even at freezing-point. Most British coals are suitable for the fuel.

ODD SLIP IN A BILL

The L.C.C. strongly objects to the limited powers it is to possess under the new Overcrowding Bill.

It points out that the Metropolitan Boroughs are to be the authorities under the Bill and says: "The power of the L.C.C. to provide accommodation in relief of overcrowding in the county is limited in the first instance to the provision of houses outside the county."

The Bill prohibits the council from providing housing accommodation within the county without the special approval of the Ministry of Health!

Surely this must be altered.

B.B.C. AT SCHOOL

TALKS ABOUT BIRDS AND BEES

With the Whale Fishers in the Seas of Antarctica

THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND

Here are notes on some of the interesting talks to be broadcast to schools by the B.B.C. on the National Transmitter next week.

Monday

2.5. Mr Middleton is going to talk about seed potatoes and early vegetables. He will tell us what vegetables can be safely sown in March or even earlier and the kinds of manure that should be applied to the soil as a spring dressing.

2.30. In the World History series Professor Eileen Power will describe how the Mohammedan faith was carried by the Arabs as far west as the Atlantic and Spain, and eastward to the western fringe of the Chinese Empire. She will talk about the Caliphs of Bagdad, of Arab trade, and of the Arab learning which gradually found its way through Spain into Europe.

Tuesday

11.30. The Maoris of New Zealand will be the subject of a talk by Dr Raymond Firth. The Maoris live largely on potatoes, and their chief industry is dairy-farming. They still have little contact with the outside world, and their tribal pride and the influence of the chiefs remain strong.

2.5. There are only two kinds of birds in England that nest in colonies in trees—rooks and herons. Mr Eric Parker will tell us how to tell a rook from a crow, and how the rooks build their nests; he will also discuss whether they do good on the farms or not.

Wednesday

2.5. Some of the most important events in the 18th century were improvements in farming. The pioneering of men like Jethro Tull, the Berkshire farmer who began using root crops, and Lord Townshend, the first great landlord to make extensive use of turnips, swedes, and mangolds on his estates, had far-reaching effects. In this week's British History broadcast we shall hear something of these and other famous farmers of the 18th century.

2.30. Miss Leila Davies, in her last poetry talk of the Spring Term, will speak about intimate, personal poetry which is murmured or read to oneself, and contrast it with the more rhetorical pieces for public occasions.

Thursday

11.30. Mr F. G. Morris will talk about the Border country in medieval times: the castles, peel towers, fortified churches, and rectories. He will describe, too, the Border folk and the ballads which tell the stories of their heroes.

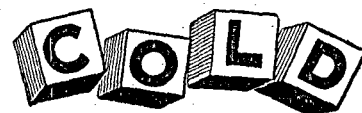
2.5. How laws were made in the past will be described by Mr K. C. Boswell, who will tell how in olden times every member of the Commons could make his grievances known by petitions to the King. From these petitions grew up the Bill and the modern Act of Parliament, and Mr Boswell will show how this development came about.

2.30. Professor Mackinnon's second talk on how animals live together will be mainly about bees. She will describe the different kinds of bee—the worker, the drone, and the queen bee—and their different duties. She will show how it is that the cells of a honeycomb are hexagonal, and where the wax comes from.

Friday

2.5. The Southern Ocean off the Antarctic Continent is the home of the great whales, and Dr F. D. Ommanney will have many interesting things to say about whaling-stations, whale-chasers, and the factory ships. He will also mention four useful products of the whale—whalebone, whale-oil, spermaceti, and ambergris.

If Your Daddy Catches



WHAT will you do about it? How can you help? Why, it is easy if you have some Vick brand Vapour-Rub at hand. You can get it by simply writing your name and address on

a card and posting it to Vick, 31, Banner Street, E.C.1.

Then, when you hear him cough or sneeze, get him to put a little "Vick" in his nose and sniff it well up. At bedtime he should rub a lot on his throat and chest. It will act in two ways at once to stop the cold by morning.

(1) "Vick's" vapours, freed by the warmth of the body, are breathed in, to clear the nose, throat and chest.

(2) "Vick" acts direct through the skin, like a poultice, helping the vapours to ease the breathing and bring sweet sleep.

"Vick" suits young and old, because there is nothing to swallow.

At all chemists—trial size 1/3, double size 2/-.



P.S. "Vick" is wonderful for sore throats.

QUEER STORY FROM U.S.A.

A Sort of King in Louisiana

THE STATE WHICH WAS SOLD BY FRANCE

As our readers will remember, the 48 United States are self-governing in many respects, with their own Legislatures and Governors, laws and police.

One of them, Louisiana, has become "news" in Europe because it has found, in Senator Huey Long, a sort of Dictator who, like Herr Hitler, has written a book with a big circulation.

Louisiana is part of the old French Province of the same name which was named by the famous La Salle in 1682 when he there hoisted the flag of Louis the Fourteenth.

After many vicissitudes Louisiana was sold to the American Government in 1803 for £3,000,000. It has an area of over 48,000 square miles, a population of over two millions (two-thirds white and one-third Negro), and possesses vast natural resources. New Orleans, the chief city, has a population of about 460,000, a large proportion of whom are Negroes.

The Limit of Property

Senator Huey Long has seized power in a real sense, and is in command of a well-organised political force. His utterances are heard far beyond the Louisiana border.

His book, *Every Man a King*, declares that no man should be allowed to possess more than a certain amount of property. He puts the limit at £600,000. Above that figure he would take all for the State, and he declares that thus some 10,000,000,000 dollars (or say £2,000,000,000) would be made available for public purposes, including pensions for the poor.

While waiting for this windfall Mr Long has made some striking experiments in Louisiana legislation.

Again we have illustrated the power of the man who possesses force of character. Mr Huey Long is counted as a mountebank by serious Americans, but he has won immense power for himself.

YOUTH TODAY

Is It Like the Youth of Yesterday?

The Bishop of Chelmsford, Dr Henry Wilson, who is by no means old at 59, has something to say about modern youth in his *Monthly Letter* to his diocese. He says:

It is frequently implied that the young people of today are a very exceptional type, and that in their production humanity has made a new departure and has produced a generation exceptionally difficult, very wayward, but unusually gifted, peculiarly kittle cattle, and requiring very delicate handling.

I am of opinion that this is not only nonsense, but mischievous nonsense, since it has infected many young people today with a superiority complex and made an even larger number very self-conscious.

We think there is warrant for the bishop's belief that there is no foundation for the idea that the rising generation is essentially different in capacity from the youth of 30 or 300 years ago, but we are sure that youth today has unparalleled opportunity, won by those who have handed on the torch.

THE SAFETY SIGN

A safety sign has been erected at Croydon High Street with the words *Safety first*, followed by figures giving the numbers of people killed and injured in the previous month.

His Music Will Not Perish IT IS HANDEL'S 250TH BIRTHDAY

It is 250 years since there came into the world a man whose music was to live long after him. Still it echoes round the world, melodious and dramatic and immortal, the majestic music of Handel.

George Frederick Handel was German born, but he died as much an Englishman as if he had come of native stock. He belongs peculiarly to England.

There are plenty of modern musicians today who say: Pooh! That Handel with his Hallelujah Chorus! Nobody thinks of him now! They are wrong. Handel can never die. He haunts us with his simple and plaintive airs; he takes the most poignant passages of the Bible and sets them to song so that we are moved by a double splendour. He is that something deeply rooted in England which, do what we will, we shall never delve out—the Puritan lover of grand and solemn things. He is also one of the first few composers of the world.

It is probable that no play of Shakespeare's has been heard as often as the

development of each race. Handel's work struck a note in England which had been listened for by ears that understood since Purcell was the master music-maker of the land, and it has been listened for ever since.

Purcell died when Handel was a ten-year-old boy in Germany, aching for an instrument to play. But Handel could never be so English as Purcell, for before he was 50 that habit of travel and learning of the ways of other countries had destroyed insularity in music, its strength and weakness, not for a time but for ever.

It is rather lovely to think that the two works which have made Handel immortal, the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, were written as we should say for his soul's sake, in moments of pure vision. He was then between 50 and 60, a heavy man of uncompromising integrity, rough as a stone, with a smile, someone said, which was heavenly, like the sun breaking through a cloud.

The *Messiah* was a revelation to Handel himself as well as to those who heard it for the first time. He was like one of the prophets of old caught up in the mount of vision. He told afterward that when he was writing the Hallelujah Chorus he found himself looking up to the skies. "I did see all Heaven open before me, and the Great God Himself."

So it is no wonder that people who love Handel feel in that Chorus that they are mounting by steps up to the place where the Lord God omnipotent reigneth amid the clouds.

Handel remains the peculiar joy and possession of the English. On the Continent he is thought little of. And yet Bach, who was born less than a month after Handel, travelled,

in haste and at great inconvenience, twice across Europe to see him, and just missed him. Beethoven says of him, speaking to music students and dwelling on the peculiar sanity and sobriety of Handel's work, "Handel is the unapproachable master of all masters; go to him and learn to produce great effects with little means."

Great effects with little means—that is the secret of the restraint and power of great art!

So we are in good company in loving Handel and knowing that he will never die. We can be glad that he is of our tradition. We can rejoice to think that as long as we live we can hear again the *Water Music*, the magnificent choruses in *Israel*, and, above all, the *Messiah*. We can see the starry fields and great spaces, and hear a single pure note coming out of the skies to say *There were shepherds abiding in the fields*.

JOHN REES COMES UP

For the last time John Rees has come up the mine.

At eighty years old he thinks it is time he had a rest, and he has decided to retire, but not before setting a record that will always remain.

John Rees of Treharris began work at seven as a door-boy at Pantywaun Pit, Dowlais. After 73 years of constant work he is now retiring.

He has had escapes, and believes he is lucky to have got out of so many difficulties unharmed. Before he was eight he had been in an explosion, and once when the pit was flooded he was carried through the floods by a strong man.



Handel, born at Halle
on February 23, 1685

Messiah, which has been listened to and loved by rich and poor for nearly 200 years. Handel's music naturally got into rich houses as rich men were his patrons; it also penetrated to small townships and homes whose general education would not pass muster in the lower standards at school today.

There are plenty of people living now who can look back on a youth when it seemed that Handel was a household word and Shakespeare hardly heard of. They could criticise the *Messiah*, but would have been hard put to it to repeat a Shakespeare sonnet or say the *Mercy* speech. And the extraordinary thing is that, although Shakespeare has become a household word too, and is acted by village communities, Handel is not elbowed out.

The power of music is a great mystery. Since the beginning of the world men have been held by it—a beauty without form or substance, or anything that the eye could see or remember or desire, a vibration in the air which passes and is gone.

We are so used to the existence of music as a power in life that we forget its supernatural quality. Into the most sordid of lives it can enter. People who say they only believe what they see have to be faithless to their creed when they hear certain kinds of music. To others music is so real that it is possible for them to accept a far-fetched image and believe that the morning stars sing together and the little hills clap their hands in the presence of the Lord.

This mysterious beauty is governed by many laws which have grown with

THOUSANDS OF MILLIONS OF EGGS

Getting Them To the Market

GREAT NEW SCHEME

It is probable that the tag about eggs being new-laid eggs, fresh eggs, or merely eggs, will cease to be used if the new egg marketing scheme meets with success.

Its chief feature is a new and more satisfactory method of grading eggs in accordance with size, while distribution is to be tackled so effectively that mere eggs (those not even good in parts) will never reach the breakfast table.

The Reorganisation Commission of the Eggs and Poultry Marketing Board has made some very important proposals in a recent report. In order to stabilise prices and make them fair for producers and consumers a national price should be fixed each week by the Board.

All producers owning more than 25 fowls will have to register and sell all their eggs through a packing station, owned or controlled by the Board. About 200 of these stations will be needed, and they will be responsible for collecting, grading, packing, and delivering eggs to wholesale and retail distributors. As eggs are so perishable a food, it is the aim of the Commission that, except for very big towns, the eggs should be sent direct to retailers and thus reach the consumer new laid.

The Report contains some very interesting figures, showing that we eat as a people 2000 million more eggs a year than we did ten years ago. For England and Wales the grand total today is 3250 millions, the annual value of the egg and poultry industry being about £25,000,000.

CHARLES DICKENS OF ALL THE WORLD

Dickens is one of the great universals, says M. André Maurois, the famous French author, who has been speaking to the Dickens Fellowship in London. We take this from him.

In real life we all know a great many of Dickens's characters. Mr Micawber is, for my sins, one of my best friends in Paris. I have also met him in New York, where he told me that prosperity was round the corner, which is the American way of waiting for something to turn up. I dined at the Veneerings last night and, while coming over, I had some trouble about my passport with one of the Barnacles.

No, Dickens heroes are not caricatures, but all men become, sooner or later, caricatures of themselves.

It has been said of Dickens that he has been one of the best friends mankind ever had. That is true. Of course he was able, when he thought it necessary, to be severe and even hard. But the wicked and hypocrites in his book form a separate class. They appear for a time, they do a lot of harm, they frighten people; as soon as they disappear the average man begins to dance, to laugh, and to sing, "We're not afraid of the big bad wolf!" the oldest song of civilised humanity.

Dickens is the most English of English writers. But however completely and perfectly English he may be, Dickens remains universal.

THE GIPSY INTERNATIONAL

Gipsies from all parts of Europe travelled to Bucharest to hold the first International Gypsy Congress.

They chose Rumania for the meeting-place because more gipsies live there than in any other country. Among the delegates were Polish, Hungarian, Austrian, German, French, and Italian gipsies, who founded the first international gipsy union.

Now their caravans are carrying them back to their old haunts in their respective countries, where they live their strange outdoor life independent of the luxuries of civilisation.

Begin This Thrilling New Serial Today

HIGH TIDE

A Cave Mystery

CHAPTER 1

The Strange Catch

"WHAT'S holding it?" exclaimed Pablo Candelas, hauling on the anchor rope. "What's holding it?"

The little fifteen-foot boat rocked as he tugged. His brown, hairy arms hauled until the gunwale was nearly level with the water; but the anchor would not come up. Pablo hoisted the mainsail and, letting out the slack of the rope, tacked back and forth over the anchor, hoping to loosen its grip on the bottom. Each time the rope tautened without giving an inch, and the boat came up into the wind with sail fluttering.

"Keep her so, Ricardito," said Pablo, giving up the tiller to his companion.

He balanced himself on the locker in the bows, and filling his bare, bronzed chest with a mighty breath plunged down into the green water.

Ricardito, otherwise Mr Richard Garland, and usually known to his friends and elders as plain Dick, kept the boat into the wind. Hand on the tiller, he waited for Pablo to reappear.

Dick was twelve. His seamanship was newly acquired, and he was always thrilled when the fisherman showed confidence in it. Pablo, after taking him up and down the coast in all kinds of weather, had seen that the wiry little foreigner could be trusted to do what he was told, and thereafter had treated him as if he were one of the boys of his own village, who learned to sail a boat almost as soon as they could walk.

Dick's parents had died two years before the story begins. Then he had left his London home and sailed off on a freighter down Channel and across the long swells of the Bay of Biscay to Spain. He had chosen to live with his elder brother, Hal Garland, who was a railway surveyor in Asturias on the north coast of the peninsula.

At Villadonga, the little village which was his brother's headquarters, he had picked up Spanish very quickly. As soon as he could speak it he was no longer lonely. The Spaniards, who are the most hospitable of people, did their best to make the boy feel at home. The men liked his courage, his frank grey eyes, and big, humorous mouth. The women teased him because his short, tow-coloured hair was always standing on end, and behind his back said that he was "very distinguished." All the villagers respected him; some even addressed him as Don Ricardo. They considered that he must have miraculous intelligence to speak two languages, for none of them spoke more than one.

Dick felt the boat shiver as Pablo, deep down under the keel, wrestled with the anchor. A few seconds later the fisherman bobbed up alongside, his hair plastered over his eyes, his long black moustache dripping water, and looking for all the world like a big, bristly, good-tempered seal.

"Give me the knife, Ricardito," he said.

Dick picked up the keen knife which they used for cleaning fish, and handed it to him. Pablo stuck it in the wide red sash at his waist.

"Are you going to cut the rope?" asked Dick.

"No," answered the fisherman. "The anchor's caught in a little thing—quite a little thing—and I want to cut the seaweed which is holding that little thing to the bottom."

"What is it?" Dick asked.

"You'll see," said Pablo. "As the song says, the waters of the sea are vast, and no one knows what's at the bottom."

Pablo went down again, and after a short stay below clambered into the boat and began to haul up the anchor.

"Keep her steady, Ricardito!" he ordered. "We'll stay over this spot awhile."

The anchor came aboard. One of the flukes was jammed in a round, white object. Pablo gently worked it free, and handed the white thing to Dick without a word. It was a human skull.

Only in pictures of the pirate flag had Dick seen one before. He held it on his knees and looked at it without fear, though his heart was beating fast with excitement.

"Can I keep it?" he asked.

The fisherman shook his head. "It belongs to him who is down below," he said.

"Do you know who he was?" inquired Dick.

"Might be one of many," answered the fisherman grimly. "Give it him back, Ricardito, and let me take the tiller."

Serial Story by
Geoffrey Household

Dick dropped the skull overboard. The north wind heeled the boat over, and they scudded merrily along the coast toward Villadonga.

Dick noticed that they had been anchored some two hundred yards off the Cave of the Angels, a natural grotto in the cliffs, and asked Pablo if many boats had been lost thereabouts; but the fisherman would not give a definite answer to any of his questions.

After a while Dick gave up trying to get information, and fell silent. He watched with a new interest the coast along which they sped. He had always been attracted by the mystery of that beautiful shore, but now it fascinated him. Perhaps it could answer the questions that Pablo would not.

Facing the sea was a line of low, irregular cliffs, furrowed with many ledges and crannies by which, as Dick well knew, one could climb down to the water's edge without difficulty. Standing on top of the cliffs, you seemed to be on a sea-wall, for the ground sloped gently down on the landward side, so that by going a few hundred yards away from the sea you descended almost to sea-level.

Here and there the wall was broken by narrow clefts up which the swell of the Atlantic boomed and thundered. Wherever it had forced a way through the cliffs the water spread out peacefully, forming tiny coves floored with silver sand, where the bathing was perfect.

Dick knew one such cove where the sea entered through a natural archway. There were many caves in the face of the cliffs, and there must have been many more hidden under the sea, for right inland were ponds of salt water fed by underground channels. The level of these ponds rose and fell with the tides, and their water bubbled and spouted mysteriously in time of storm.

Pablo rounded a low, flat-topped island of rock, called the *Cayo de la Ofrenda*, or Offering Key, and sailed the boat into the sandy, sunlit estuary that lay hidden behind it.

Half a mile up the little river Dick saw the trees and red roofs and white walls of Villadonga, standing among green fields where fat red cows pastured all the year round. He loved that first glimpse of Villadonga. In the soft golden light of the September evening it looked more peaceful than ever, a home made to welcome adventurers.

Pablo moored the boat to an iron ring hanging from the quay, and Dick jumped ashore. He said good-bye to the fisherman in a hurry, for he was eager to tell Hal about the skull. Taking with him a basket of the rock bass they had caught he ran up the village street toward their house.

CHAPTER 2

Dick Scents a Mystery

Dick burst into the living-room, but found that Hal had not yet come home. So he took the rock bass to Paca, their fat cook, and told her what else they had fished up from the sea.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Paca, looking round the kitchen as if she expected something to jump out at her. "A skull, did you say?"

"Yes, a real skull," answered Dick.

"Where were you when you found it?"

"Off the Cave of the Angels."

"The Cave of the Angels!" repeated Paca, making the sign of the Cross. "And what was Pablo thinking about to take you to the Cave of the Angels?"

"We were fishing," said Dick, "and that's the best place for rock bass. What's the matter with it? I've often climbed down to the cave. There's nothing in it but an old saint, anyway."

"Now don't let me hear you talk like that, young man!" snapped Paca. "Get out of my kitchen at once!"

"Oh, boil yourself!" grumbled Dick in English—an expression which was quite lost on Paca; but he got out.

There was nothing but an old saint in the Cave of the Angels; a rough statue of St Andrew, the patron saint of fishermen and not a person of whom anyone ought to speak disrespectfully. All the same, Paca herself, when the kettle boiled over or the fish burned, had been heard to speak disrespectfully of any and every saint. Dick thought she had been unfair to him. Then it occurred to him that perhaps Paca had wanted to get rid of him. Maybe, like Pablo, she didn't want to answer questions.

Continued on the next page

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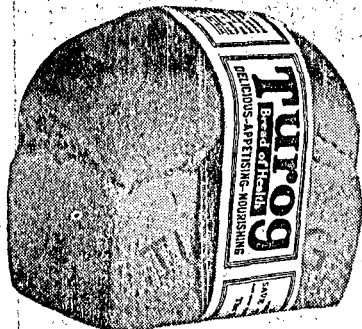
Style Matter
Handwriting Grammar

and the prizes will be given to the Competitors who receive the highest number of marks.

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3. Essays must not exceed 150 words in length and must be written on one side only of a sheet, or sheets, of paper.
4. Each essay must be signed personally by the child, and countersigned by the parent, guardian or school teacher as evidence that the essay is the unaided work of the Competitor.
5. Name, address and EXACT age of the Competitor to be written clearly in BLOCK CAPITALS, at the top of each essay page.
6. Essays should be sent to: SPILLERS LIMITED, 40, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C. 3; and clearly marked "Essay" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
7. Employees, or children of employees of Spillers Limited, are not eligible for this Competition.

Continued from the previous page

"Now I wonder just what is the matter with the Cave of the Angels," said Dick to himself.

He retired to his hammock in the garden, slung between an apple tree and an orange tree, and fell to wondering whether, when the oranges ripened—for he was tired of apples—he would be able to pick them without getting out of the hammock.

In an hour's time Hal came striding up from the village. He was twelve years older than Dick; a powerfully built young man, who loved making things with his own hands.

Dick scrambled out of the hammock.

"Hi, old man! Where have you been?"

"Hello, kid!" Hal answered.

"Why didn't you come back before? I've got something to tell you. Do you know what happened today?"

"Perhaps I do," said his elder brother, grinning.

"Oh, I say, Hal!" exclaimed Dick in a disappointed voice. "You know everything!"

"Well, let's hear your end of the story," said Hal.

So Dick told him all about their fishing expedition, and what they had found.

"How did you know, Hal?" he ended.

"I heard a lot of gossip while I was coming up the street. They were all chattering about Ricardito and Don Ricardo. So I turned into the inn to get the news."

"What did Pablo say?" asked Dick.

"Mighty little," Hal answered. "Nobody said very much. Dick, they give me the impression that they just don't want to talk about it to outsiders."

"That's what I think," said Dick. "Hal, can they have—?"

He paused, for on second thoughts he knew that none of his beloved friends down in the village would cover up a crime. He could imagine Pablo using the long knife in his sash, but he couldn't imagine him lying about it afterwards.

Hal smiled, knowing what Dick had been about to say.

"No, there's not been a murder. You hit on the remains of some poor fellow dead long since in following the sea. There's nothing strange about that. It happens often enough in every fishing village. But what is strange, Dick, is that they're sort of frightened. I believe that finding the skull off the Cave of the Angels has reminded them of something."

"Then why don't they say what it is?" asked Dick.

"I don't know," Hal replied. "They are funny people. Maybe it has reminded them of some superstition that they are all ashamed of believing."

The blue smoke drifting up from the chimney, and carrying an odour of fragrant wood and delicate frying reminded them that they were late for supper.

Their house suggested generous feeding for man and beast. It was an old farmhouse with thick walls of grey stone, a roof of heavy red tiles, and an archway in the middle holding two long, clumsy country carts. On the left of the archway was the vast, stone-floored kitchen, and on the right the living-room. Over all was a second storey, surrounded by a worm-eaten wooden balcony.

The house had nothing modern in it but the electric light. That Hal had provided by damming the mountain stream which ran through the garden, and making it drive a home-made waterwheel harnessed to a dynamo.

Indignant because they had not come on time, Paca served them supper with a stern face.

When Paca was stern Dick always wanted to laugh. She seemed to swell visibly. She set her lips in a hard, straight line, and her heavy, black eyebrows fairly bristled.

"Er—how beautifully you fry fish, Paca," said Hal, trying to make peace.

"They would be better if the senores came on time," retorted Paca, "instead of chit-chattering in the garden."

"Paca," said Hal, "anything that is prepared by your unrivalled hands"—he blew them a kiss in his best Castilian manner—"is good."

"Eh, man!" exclaimed Paca.

She became fat and jolly again all of a sudden, winked at Dick, as much as to say that she didn't believe a word of it, and bustled out to the kitchen, to return with a vast earthenware bowl of wild strawberries which she herself had picked for them on the hills.

Whether the cause was too many strawberries or a presentiment of the ordeals to come, Dick had nightmares all night, and was glad that Hal's room was next to his own, and the door wide open between them. But he did not admit that, even to himself.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO MAKES THE PANCAKES

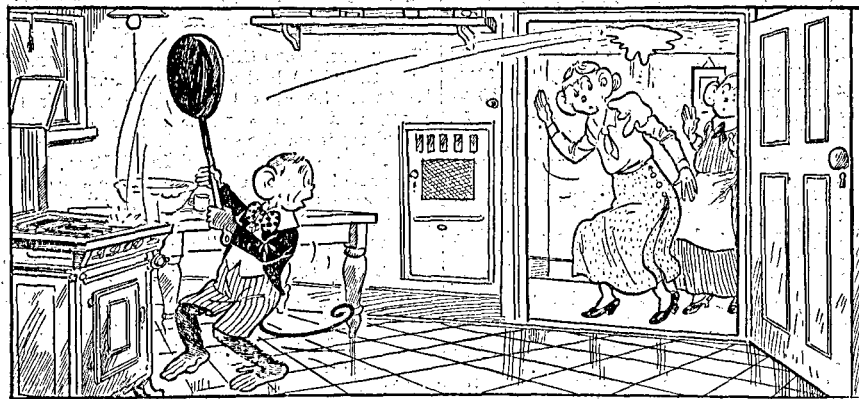
MOTHER JACKO had been working hard for a bazaar. Everyone on the committee was delighted when a very important lady consented to open it for them; and as she had a long way to come Mother Jacko offered to entertain her to dinner on the day.

"As it's so near Pancake Day," Jacko said, "I vote we give the lady pancakes for dinner."

garden to look at the spring bulbs, which were coming along splendidly.

Meanwhile Jacko was getting on famously. He had started off very carefully, tossing the pancakes only a few inches out of the pan. But presently he got reckless, and flung them as high as he could.

He had opened the kitchen door because it was getting warm, and as his



The lady gave a cry

"Why, yes, that would be splendid," agreed his mother.

"And I will make them for you," declared Jacko. "You remember I made some jolly good ones last year."

Mother Jacko was not too pleased to have this offer of help, but Jacko's pancakes really had been good, so for the sake of peace she said he might try. She would make another sweet in case it should be needed.

When the day came she got her cooking all ready early, and left the kitchen to Jacko. The sun was shining brightly when the visitor arrived, and Mother Jacko suggested a walk round the

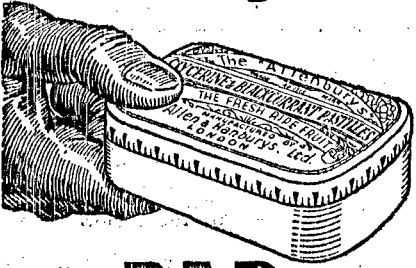
mother and the visitor came past Jacko gave the pancake a right-hearted toss. It shot up and out—landing with a splash on the top of the door.

The lady gave a cry and ducked her head. Down fell the warm buttery mess, a good big lump sticking fast to her pretty dress!

Poor Mother Jacko looked horrified. And so did Jacko! But the lady, luckily for everybody, took it all as a huge joke.

Fortunately the greasy mark was sponged out quite easily, and, as the rest of the pancakes were very good indeed, Jacko was forgiven.

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THE BRAN TUB

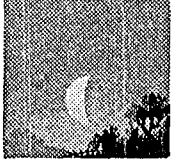
How Many Weights?

WHAT is the smallest number of weights, and of what denominations must they be, with which can be weighed any number of pounds from 1 to 63 inclusive?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-West, and Mars and Neptune are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Wednesday, February 27.



All the Same

FATHER: Bottom of the class again, my boy? It's terrible!
Son: Please don't worry, Father. They teach us the same at both ends of the class.

About Oil Wells

ALTHOUGH oil is considered such a modern fuel the Chinese sank oil wells three thousand years ago. Some modern oil wells have been drilled as deep as two miles. The cost of drilling an oil well varies, but it may work out to as much as £10,000. When an oil well caught fire in Texas the glow could be seen from two hundred miles out at sea.

Up His Sleeve

WHY does a person—answer me! Laugh up his sleeve? You will agree
The answer is extremely fair: Because his funny bone is there!

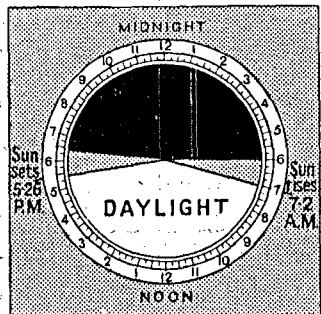
Tangled Towns

RE-SHUFFLED, the letters of the following phrases spell the names of six well-known English towns or cities.

SECRET ROW PERT SON
CLEAN WEST O NO PATH MUST
HAD RUM LO HUMPTY.

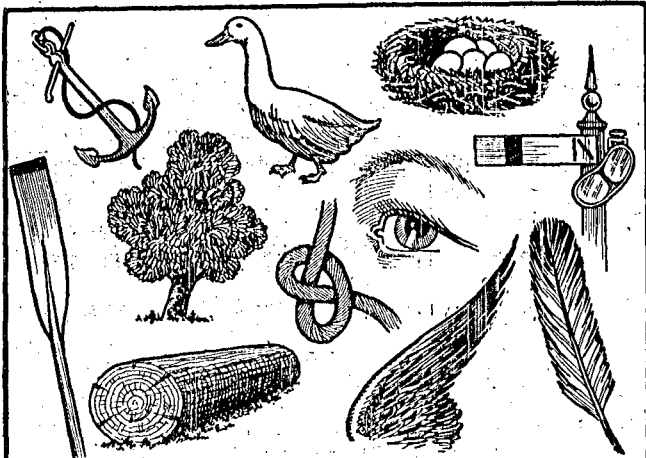
Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on February 23. The daylight now is getting longer each day.

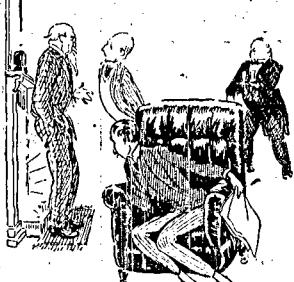
C.N. Poster Stamp Picture Puzzle



THE initial letters of the objects shown here will spell the names of four places in the Poster Stamp album given away with the C.N. this week. One of the places is Wells, and it will be seen that the letter L (log) is used twice. Thus, although a letter is only represented once it can be used more than once if necessary.

The Great Ant-Eater

AUGUSTUS JOHNSON, whose great-aunt for years
Had ruled him with the tyranny of tears,



Learning its habitat was Paraguay
He took her out there for a holiday.



While at the club, heard
from his comfy seat a
Fellow talking of the
Great Ant-Eater.



And pulled her forward in a
hopeful manner.



He found one rousting round in
the savannah



The creature didn't do as he'd expected:
He brought her home again. He's much dejected.

Ici On Parle Français



Le turban turban
Le dindon turkey
Le tube tube
Les Hindous porteront le turban.
La chair du dindon est délicate.
J'ai acheté un tube de seccotine.

Quits

ON alighting from the rickety
old taxi Mr Smith handed the
driver a florin.

"This is a bad coin, sir," remarked the driver.
"Is it?" asked Mr Smith, genuinely surprised. "Then we are quits. Yours is a bad taxi."

A Charade

MY first no life or feeling-blesses;
My second every sense possesses;
And nothing more affronts my second
Than when it like my first is reckoned;
Together they a being show,
The greatest nuisance that we know.

Answer next week

They Knew It

THE next-door neighbours met on the way to the station.
"I say, old chap," began Black, rather reproachfully, "didn't you hear us knocking on the wall last night?"
"Oh, that's all right," replied White cheerfully, "we were making quite a lot of noise ourselves."

Bedtime Puzzle



I HAVE a head and two feet too;
I've seen them, so I know it's true.
A bed has got four legs; that's so,
Yet only has one foot; you know!

Rolling Stock

ABOUT a quarter of the 12,000 employees at the G.W.R. Swindon works will be engaged in building 95 engines, 211 coaches, and 2486 wagons which form the company's 1935 programme.

There are over 20,000 parts in a King Class locomotive. As many as 25,000 screws are used in a third-class corridor coach; which takes seven weeks to build, as well as 340 lbs of paint and varnish and 70 yards of moquette.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

The Family

Seven—six boys and one girl.

What Is It? The letter I.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

C	O	C	I	L	I	A	C	C	E	N	T	S
O	P	E	A	R	A	R	M	S	A	C		
M	B	T	R	O	M	B	O	N	E	S	A	H
P	E	A	T	O	N	E	N	E	W	T	I	E
R	E	V	E	L	R	A	C	E	S	C	A	L
E	E	G	P	E	T	E	R	O	N	A	U	
S	A	G	N	U	E	I	L	L	A	L		
S	A	U	S	A	G	E	I	M	I	T	A	T

Just Five

IT was Alwin's birthday, and he was a little man now: he was just five years old.

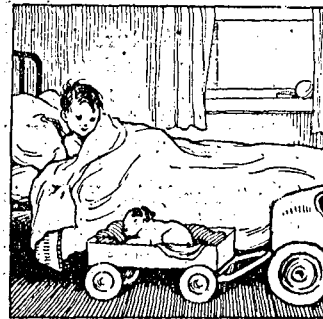
Daddy and Mummy had bought him a lovely blue motor-car, which he could pedal all by himself. It had brakes and a tiny petrol tin and tyres just like those on Daddy's motor-car.

His Aunt Gladys had bought him a set of overalls; they were exactly like those that Mr Brown, the garage-man, wore.

Uncle Jack bought him a little blue trailer to fix on the back of the little car. Farmer Jones had one like it; he took his pigs to market in it. Alwin was delighted; he said that he could fetch Mummy's groceries from the shop in his car.

But he wanted something alive to ride about with him in his little trailer. His sister Ann was too big to ride in it; and Keith was only a baby and would never keep still, so he wouldn't do.

Alwin tried to get old Tibby to ride round with



The puppy slept happily

him; but she soon jumped out and ran away.

"Tibby isn't used to riding," said Uncle Jack. "You will have to teach a little kitten to sit in with you."

"But we haven't got a little kitten," said Alwin. "Oh! I do wish I had a little kitten!"

"Perhaps Uncle Billy will send you one; his present hasn't come yet," said Aunt Gladys.

Just at that moment a knock came at the door and Mummy came in, carrying a little basket.

"This is from Uncle Billy," she said; "I wonder if it is a kitten."

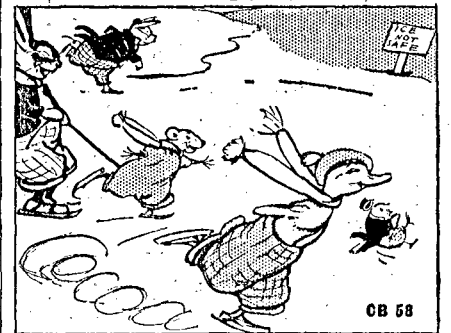
Alwin was so excited he could hardly wait for the string to be cut. Then he lifted the lid off, and there, in a little nest of hay, was not a kitten, but a tiny black-and-white puppy!

"Oh!" cried Alwin as he hugged the little fellow. "He is better than a kitten."

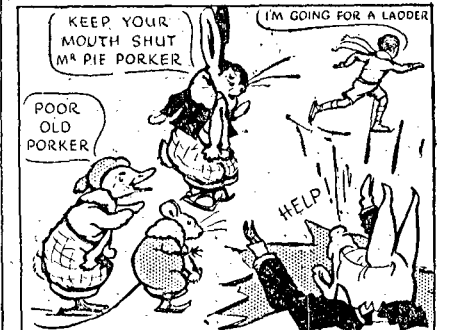
The little puppy soon got used to riding in the trailer, and he and Alwin rode proudly about each day; and at night, when Alwin was fast asleep in his little white bed, the puppy slept happily in the trailer.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

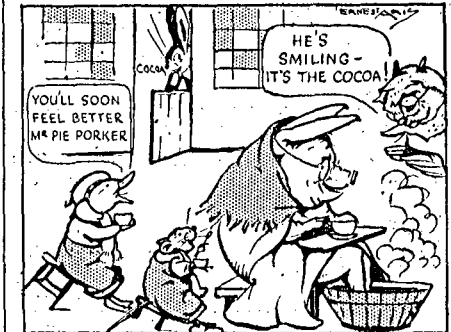
Skating on Thin Ice



"Cheers!" cried the Cococubs, "the ice is bearing." So off they rushed to the pond. Look at Dumpty—what fine skating! Willie is helping Whisker and Mr. Pie Porker is doing wonderful stunts!



Pie Porker was so busy, he never saw the notice board. Suddenly crack! crash! He'd fallen in. "Help! Help!" he cried. The Cococubs went to help and Jonathan rushed for a ladder.



They rescued poor shivering Pie Porker and helped him to Granny Owl's. She lent him some nice warm clothes, put his feet into hot water, and gave him a big cup of steaming cocoa.

There's a Cococub

in every tin of

The CHILDREN'S

Bournville Cocoa